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The Shape of Things

THE CONCERNS WHOSE BUSINESS IT IS TO SPY on workers for their employers are a tough lot, as the disreputable nature of their trade demands. Therefore it is not surprising that the La Follette committee has already had to cite for contumacy the officials of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, one of our busier purveyors of spies and strike-breakers to industrial concerns. Not only did these officials refuse to obey the committee's summons to appear before it, but they destroyed a lot of damaging correspondence—a move which the committee's investigators checkmated by keeping a watchful eye on the company's wastebaskets. The president of this concern, W. W. Groves, will be remembered by readers of Frank Hanighen's article in our issue of August 22 as a member of the board of Federal Laboratories, Inc., a company which supplies munitions to industrialists bent upon keeping their workers "contented" by means of guns and tear gas. Since a number of our richest companies employ this method, Mr. Groves, in his dual capacity, is well situated to sell more and more tear gas and machine-guns by stirring up more and more discontent among the workers through his spies and provocateurs. His company is presumably well able to fight the law which empowered the committee to cite its officials for contempt. They will no doubt do so, since because of a delay due to a technical error in the labeling of the bill it was not finally signed by the President until July 13, more than ten days after Congress adjourned, and its validity is therefore open to question.

*

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WAS TREATED TO A fine first-hand demonstration of German fascist methods the other day when officers and men of the steamship Bremen brutally beat up a group of Communists protesting against German support of Spanish fascism. And we record with chagrin that the New York police, who have themselves rather specialized in brutality against Communists in time past, didn't even seem to resent the competition. They arrested the injured demonstrators and allowed their torturers to sail away to the *Führerland* with their right to assault American citizens unchallenged. With even greater chagrin we note the silence of the Mayor of New York. It seems to us about time he served notice on the German government and his own police

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department that New York has a government empowered and able to deal in an orderly way with any breach of the peace, either real or alleged, and that private vengeance against offenders will not be tolerated. We would be in favor of a few arrests when the Bremen comes into port again. They would undoubtedly cause another "international incident." But that might take the *Führer's* mind off Spain.

*

DEATH FOR SIXTEEN BY THE FIRING SQUAD does not smell any the sweeter for being called, as the Soviet Judge Ulrich called it, "the highest form of social defense—shooting." It would be easy to construct a complete defense of the Soviet executions; easy, also, by putting the pieces together rather differently, to construct just as complete an indictment of the regime. But, beyond judgment, the deaths and the plot will go down in history as part of the world's iron age, and must be approached in an iron mood. Much of what happened at the trial belonged peculiarly to Russia and to a revolutionary psychology. The confessions might in their hysteria and their masochism have come out of the Russia of "The Brothers Karamazov," but in their final yielding to the discipline and purposes of the party they could only have come out of a revolutionary Russia. But the broader logic was international. Mussolini is building an empire; Hitler is off on a mad armaments race and is mending his alliances; Japan is tightening in on China and Russia; the new workers' energies in Spain and France have stirred the latent class tensions in all Europe. Russia feels it must gird itself for the most crucial struggle in its life—a struggle whose terrible and unyielding quality is presaged by the Spanish events. For such a struggle it must be unified, with every opposition stamped out and every national energy whipped up. The civil-war psychology is by no means at an end. It has now become part of the general European fabric.

*

IF WE HAD THE EAR OF THE LEFT GROUPS which now control the Spanish government, we should talk ourselves hoarse about the advisability of liberating Morocco. A daily announcement from the Madrid radio station that Morocco was free would probably give the fascists there other things to do than recruit soldiers to fight the Spanish people. And if losing Morocco would help to save Spain its liberation might be a good bit of political strategy.

*

THOMAS LAMONT RAISED MORE QUESTIONS than he settled in the remarkable statement he gave the press on his return from Europe. A Morgan statement on foreign affairs is so much a rarity that even the recent stock-market drop would not account for the note of optimism Mr. Lamont found it necessary to strike. The burden of his talk was that we need not fear a general European war because "Germany is determined to keep away from serious trouble with Great Britain and France." Mr. Lamont said that his "impressions" had been gathered after talks with persons in France and England. Anyone familiar with the position of the Morgan company in international finance would conclude that these persons included such men as Montagu Norman of the Bank of England, Charles Rist of the Bank of France, and some of the best-informed political leaders, and that the statement was made with their knowledge. Mr. Lamont mentioned not a word of the German intentions in the East or of the Franco-Soviet alliance. Does he mean to convey the impression that a war between Germany and Russia could be localized? Does his statement mean that the French financial interests are determined to scrap the Russian pact at the first chance and are already treating it as non-existent? France would give up the pact only at a price. Does Mr. Lamont's statement indicate that England, Germany, and France are looking to an agreement guaranteeing the frontier that would make the Franco-Soviet pact unnecessary?

*

AS IF TO GIVE SPICE TO MR. LAMONT'S comments, Hitler has announced that the term of compulsory military service in the Reich will be extended to two years. In order to leave no doubt as to the object of this move, the German papers have been filled during the past week with violent attacks on the Soviet Union. The forthcoming Nazi party congress at Nürnberg on September 8 is to be devoted primarily to a discussion of the growing menace of communism. That Germany has no illusions about localizing a Russo-German war was indicated, however, by the conference at Berchtesgaden between Hitler and Admiral Horthy in which the latter apparently agreed to undertake the task of forming an anti-Soviet front among the Central European dictatorships, notably Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Italy. It is reported that England is undisturbed by the sudden increase in the German army. But what of France? Our guess is that the French people will demand a strengthening rather than a weakening of the Soviet pact in view of the Reich's latest bid for European supremacy.

*

A CORRESPONDENT WRITES US FROM LONDON that since the new budget, with its demand for huge unstated amounts for defense, was announced, militaristic propaganda has become widespread. In the movie theaters each performance ends with a series of shots of detachments of various branches of the army and navy. A rash of recruiting posters has broken out on walls and hoardings, especially in the so-called "distressed areas," and the Minister for Defense has broadly hinted that young men on the dole will do well to enlist before they are faced with the choice of joining up or losing their unemployment benefits. In London the Albert Hall, let to the fascists for their big rally, was refused to the League of Women against War and Fascism for a peace meeting. An organization of women teachers which passed resolutions against war was warned by the Minister of Education from

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his seat in the House of Commons that its action would militate against his further consideration of any of its recommendations or requests. The appointment of a new Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford University has been attacked in a reputable daily paper on the ground, among others, that he did not fight in the Great War. Nothing, apparently, is to be allowed to stand in the way of preparation for the next War to Make the World Safe for Democracy—and the British Empire.

*

TEXAS HAS BEEN CELEBRATING ITS BIRTHDAY in fine style. First it gave Maury Maverick a victory in the primaries and now in the run-offs it has sent Tom Blanton, for twenty years prime diehard, red-baiter, and bully of the House, down to defeat. "Happy in the thought" that he can now take a vacation and devote the rest of his life to his family, the ex-Representative says he accepts the result with a "genuine feeling of relief and satisfaction." Mr. Blanton, you took the words right out of our mouth.

*

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION OF THE American Federation of Teachers was significant as a demonstration of the awakening of the "white-collar" groups. In contrast with last year, when a vigorous effort was made to oust the New York local on grounds of "communism," there were no sharp divisions of policy. The convention adopted a strongly worded resolution criticizing the executive council of the A. F. of L. for its action in requesting the expulsion of the New York chapter, and used even stronger language in denouncing the suspension of John L. Lewis and the C. I. O. unions. With a view to preserving the unity of the labor movement if at all possible, it did not formally vote for adherence to the C. I. O., although it turned down a resolution which would have prevented such action. The teachers were unanimous in voting to boycott Hearst, and practically so in opposing his candidate for the Presidency—Alf M. Landon. In a magnificant gesture of labor solidarity they voted $5,000 for the Spanish Workers' Red Cross and Relief Association. No better bulwark against fascism could exist in this country than a militant, powerful organization of teachers.

*

THE FAMOUS VERMONT MARBLE STRIKE ended July 25 with an almost complete defeat for the workers. The following item is submitted as an epitaph to a gallant fight: Some time during the past twelve months there occurred in the Marble Savings Bank of Rutland an embezzlement of a quarter of a million dollars. The embezzlement was kept secret until very recently when prosecution of a suspected employee was begun. No replacement of funds has been made. By keeping the crime a secret even for a week, the president of the bank, however pure his motives, laid himself open to legal charges; he also laid himself open to blackmail by unscrupulous persons who might know the secret. We now proceed to the two main points of this little tale. One of the most powerful trustees of the Marble Savings Bank is a vice-president of the Vermont Marble Company, against which the strike was waged. The president of the bank is Charles M. Smith, Governor of Vermont, who at any time in the course of the strike could have ended it with a victory for the literally starving workers of a whole community by invoking a state law which empowers the Governor to investigate on his own authority any controversy that in his opinion "seriously affects or threatens seriously to affect the public welfare."

*

FOOTNOTE TO OUR RECENT EDITORIAL ON Moe Annenberg: A week after he took charge of the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* it printed, in its August 16 issue, a long editorial extolling Hearst. "The people of America found in Hearst a leader. . . . Today William Randolph Hearst stands triumphant." Thus the invisible Hearst standing behind Moe Annenberg praised the visible Hearst whose employees on the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* had just gone out on a very visible strike. Incidentally the Hearst papers of August 20 reprinted the whole editorial.

*

A CIVIL WAR IN MINIATURE IS GOING ON IN the Spanish embassy to the Holy See in Rome. Señor Zulueta, the ambassador, is a Loyalist while his counselor and first secretary are rebel sympathizers. All three live in the embassy apartments but are remaining in a state of siege behind locked doors, each one fearing that if he pokes his head out, his opponent will be waiting with a gun. Rome regards the situation as of a highly explosive nature and has the embassy guarded night and day by a cordon of carabinieri, plain-clothes detectives, and policemen in motor cars. . . . We now have the real story of the evacuation of Barcelona, in which a magnificent exhibition of bravery under fire was given by the foreigners. It seems that the British consul was absent, reconnoitering in another city, but the French consul chartered a fleet of char-à-bancs and amid a cloud of Latin gesticulation bore his comrades over the border. The British residents, not to be hurried in the hysteria of the moment, waited in stoic fortitude for the return of their consul. He took in the situation at a glance and with empire-building calm, in the hour of need, proclaimed Evacuation by Battleship. But the nationals of the smaller countries, who had no consuls, went for help to the local Spanish authorities, and being told that the trains were running normally, packed their bags and departed in comfort.

*

WHILE THE SUPREME COURT RESTS, THE American Bar Association is pinch-hitting. In a report to its annual convention in Boston it declares the Social Security Act unconstitutional. As the session progresses the bar will doubtless continue in necrophilic glee to play the role of judicial guillotine and lop off more New Deal heads, but pending a final report we shall make no comment. Meanwhile, next door at Cambridge, Dean Pound

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charged into the constitutional issue and tried to set the tone of the Harvard Law School's international conference on common law by prophesying doom as the result of the Administration's "restiveness" under judicial review. But Justice Stone and, unexpectedly, Chief Judge Frederick Crane of the New York State Court of Appeals, whose words are hard to reconcile with the spirit of his decision invalidating the minimum-wage law, refused to take their cue from Dean Pound. Scraping off the accumulation of fears and status quo stubbornness, they revealed law in its true form as a factor for progress not atrophy. Law cannot bury its head in the dry-as-dust past of *stare decisis,* but to serve its end—"the adequate control and protection of social and economic interests"—must accommodate itself to "changing economic and social needs" (Justice Stone); must "meet new situations and conditions with new remedies" (Judge Crane). Here is the attitude law must take if it is to be a help, not a hindrance, to the country. If the last three years mean anything in our history it will be because of governmental efforts through national legislation to bring order out of the chaos of individualism. This process must be continued. That can only be done if we are willing to unfreeze the Constitution and adapt it to a new social order.

Civil War and Intervention

GERMANY'S and Italy's acceptance of the French neutrality proposals has materially reduced the danger that the Spanish civil war might prove the spark to start a general European war. Portugal also having accepted, the last barrier has been removed to a general European pact of non-interference which would forbid the shipment of arms, ammunition, airplanes, or other war material to either side in the Spanish conflict. With Madrid willing to make amends for the Kamerun incident, and the prospect of an early settlement of the controversy arising out of the seizure of a German commercial plane, the immediate causes of friction have been removed. The international atmosphere at the beginning of the week contrasts markedly with that prevailing a few days earlier, when Italy was reported to be massing its airplanes for active intervention on the side of the rebels and the German press had flown into a paroxysm of rage against the "Communists." War may yet break out as a result of the fundamental conflict of policy over the Spanish situation, but the sudden moderation in the attitude of the fascist powers suggests that they are not wholly prepared for an immediate conflict.

Encouraging though this turn of events may be as contrasted with the sword-rattling of a few days ago, the situation does not merit unqualified optimism. There is grave danger that the neutrality pact will be a wholly one-sided document. When France and Great Britain pledge themselves not to permit the export of any war materials to the Spanish government, the world has every

From *l'Humanité*

Rebel General Headquarters

assurance that that agreement will be kept. Can anyone say the same of Germany and Italy—both of which are at present up to their necks in illegal trade? On August 11 twenty German bombing planes and five pursuit planes were delivered to the rebels at Seville. The Kamerun was reported to be carrying contraband gasoline. The six Italian planes sent to the rebels in the early days of the conflict have been definitely proved to be military planes manned by active army officers. International law is unequivocal on this point. Any act of assistance to a force in rebellion against the duly constituted government of a country is wholly illegal and a flagrant breach of the League Convenant. The fascist powers cannot even claim, as Britain unsuccessfully tried to maintain in the Alabama case, that the insurgents are entitled to equal belligerent rights because the country is equally divided. The rebels have no political organization behind them and little popular support. The government, on the other hand, has an unassailable constitutional status. It was returned to office only six months ago by an unprecedented electoral majority, and has been scrupulous, some say too scrupulous, in the formalities of constitutional rule.

The situation of the democratic states of Europe today is not unlike that of the Spanish Popular Front government in mid-July. They know that the enemy is armed to the teeth, that it has no respect for either legal or ethical considerations, but they hesitate to take a positive stand, even in self-defense, lest the opposition be provoked into war. As shown in Mr. Stewart's article elsewhere in this issue, the timidity and superlegality of the Spanish government were, in the last analysis, largely responsible for the civil war. Similarly, there is every reason to fear that the excessive caution—or cowardice—of the French and British governments is an open invitation to the fascist powers to attack when they think the time opportune. Meanwhile, Hitler and Mussolini stand ready to gamble against odds in the hope of having a reactionary Spain to support them in the ultimate conflict.

It is scarcely an overstatement to say that France's very existence as a democratic state depends on the success of the Popular Front government in Spain. A fascist victory would not only give heart to the De la Rocques and Doriots, but would surround the country with fascist and potential enemy states. In such an eventuality, it is doubt-

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ful whether the Soviet or even a British alliance could save France from the terror of another war fought on its own soil. It is almost incredible, therefore, that the entire French right should have thrown its support to the Spanish rebels. Even in England all the reactionary papers are openly pro-insurgent, though they must realize that a fascist Spain would mark the end of Britain's domination of the Mediterranean and possibly the dissolution of the empire. That the extreme right, which has hitherto considered loyalty to country as its exclusive possession, should adopt a policy toward Spain which is clearly inconsistent with the national welfare is one of the most remarkable paradoxes of our time. It shows that despite the rapid growth of nationalism in recent years, class interest has definitely come to transcend national interest, not among the radicals, but among those who have been most fervid in the profession of patriotism.

The United States is in a different position from the other democracies only because of its distance from the scene. While the success of the Spanish rebels would not immediately affect our national interest, who can say that the triumph of fascism in Europe would not intimately affect the life of every American? Thus in a very real sense the Spanish workers are battling for American liberties at the same time that they struggle for their own. Interference in the affairs of another nation can bring only woe, but it it at least possible to avoid a policy which plays into the hands of the anti-democratic forces. In warning American shipping lines not to carry arms to Spain, the Administration is making precisely the same error as England and France. Under international law, trade with an established government menaced by rebellion is not only permitted but expected in the interests of law and order. There have been occasions when this principle has been subject to grave abuse. It has been widely applied in the Caribbean, for example, to bolster the power of a Washington-chosen puppet who had not the least popular support. Such abuses deserve the sharpest condemnation, but they furnish no reason for leaning over backward and applying a biased neutrality which would clearly work to the advantage of the foes of democracy. Neutrality would be of little avail in a world dominated by fascist doctrines.

Hamilton, Desert Maker

SPEAKING in Albuquerque, John D. M. Hamilton told the stockmen that the new Triple-A, through its soil-conservation provisions and its efforts to put eroding slopes to grass, "is paying every farmer of this nation to go into competition with the cattle and sheep men of the great grazing states of the West." If there were horsemen also present they must have known how to laugh.

For Albuquerque is witness to the swiftest process of desert making in all history. From the Mexican border to the Canadian, from central Nebraska and Kansas to the Pacific Coast, America has three-quarters of a billion acres of grass lands, most of it rather thin, but in its original state capable of carrying 22,500,000 animal units. (The animal unit is one cow or horse, or five sheep or goats.) According to a detailed and comprehensive "Report on the Western Range" submitted by the Secretary of Agriculture (Government Printing Office, Washington, 1936), these grazing lands are now capable of carrying only 10,800,000 animal units without causing further depletion. The range is, however, still trying to carry 17,300,000 animal units and depletion is going on apace. It does not have far to go. One-sixth of the range has already lost from 76 per cent to 100 per cent of its carrying capacity; another sixth has been depleted only moderately, under 25 per cent. The other two-thirds is about equally divided between "severe depletion," 51 to 75 per cent, and "material depletion," 26 to 50 per cent. Thus one of the great natural resources of America is plunging toward destruction. A third of the area of the United States, once known erroneously as the "Great American Desert," will soon be properly so described. Hamilton, egregious lover of desert and desert making, is afraid that America will come to its senses and take off the present destructive excess of six and a half million animal units and scatter them over the humid-land farms, where their function would be to rebuild instead of to destroy. This policy he describes with unconscious humor as "scarcity planning."

No community can fairly be judged by the odor of its garbage pickers, nor any party by the words of its campaign manager. But it is time for Landon to say what he means to do about soil conservation, and particularly about the depletion of our grazing lands.

A considerable fraction of these lands has been ruined past repair. The nutritious native grasses, adapted through millions of years to meet the condition of ever-recurring droughts, have been extirpated, and the top soil has blown away, exposing hardpan or rock. In the end nature will no doubt restore even these hopeless tracts. Lichens and cacti will take hold and catch a bit of flying dust; wiry grasses and desert shrubs will pry their roots into the forbidding subsoil. In a hundred years the land may maintain a few grasshoppers per acre; in a thousand years, a jack rabbit. After a millennium or two limited grazing will again be possible. Pessimists treat the wastes of northeastern China and of central Asia, ruined by excessive grazing a thousand years ago, as if they could never recover. They fail to think in terms of ten thousand years, as Hamilton apparently does, if he thinks at all.

But on the greater part of our range the native grasses, though hard pressed, still manage to survive. The top soil, though thinning under wind and water erosion, is still worth saving. By fifty years of moderate grazing we could restore these lands to a condition not seriously inferior to that of fifty years ago. We shall not, however, restore them through the rugged individualism that pulled them down, or by Mr. Hamilton's planning for millennia of scarcity.

Much is being said in this campaign about the absurd inventions of the Brain Trust. Lucky for them that it was the Brainless Trust that invented our ruinous grazing-land policy.

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The Landon Invasion

THE Landon invasion, so far, has not been exactly a triumphal march. Between La Salle, Colorado, and West Middlesex, Pennsylvania, the Republican candidate demanded the American way of government, denounced the present Administration's extravagance in its agricultural and relief policies, advocated more tariff protection for the beet-sugar industry, praised one of our less inspiring Presidents, McKinley, called for common sense, and said that the drought should be kept out of politics. At West Middlesex he came out for the home, local government, and Crawford County maple syrup. What was worse from the Republican point of view, he admitted that there was a "lack of balance in our economic structure" and that relief must be continued as long as the need for it exists. Wall Street reports that the "tide against the New Deal is ebbing unmistakably at the moment." Mr. Landon, by his first major speech, did nothing to slow it up. As for his pilgrimage to the old home, it has been made once too often, and our frontier blood is unroused by the news that "it was from Mercer County, Pennsylvania, that John M. Landon, father of the Governor, took his family to Independence, Kansas, to pioneer in the independent oil business." The wildcats Dan'l Boone met with were not oil speculators.

Governor Landon's second speech, at Chautauqua, New York, was again devoted to generalities. They happened to be important ones. His broad declaration of faith in the freedom of the press, education, and the radio, and in particular his specific criticism of teachers' oaths exceeded anything the President has said in that line. But again the question arises whether Landon is strengthening his case with those conservative groups which are his only hope of winning the election. The average conservative gives loud lip-service to freedom, but he has a strong conviction that something should be done about teachers who talk about "isms" in their classes. The Chautauqua speech illustrates the Landon dilemma. Perhaps that is why he has avoided specific application of his general statements. But if he persists in confining himself to generalizations, he is in danger of encroaching on liberal territory which Mr. Roosevelt is in a much better position to defend.

The skill with which that defense is being conducted is obviously troubling Mr. Landon. We do not know just how dry it is in Kansas, agriculturally speaking. We do know that the entire state has had a soaking political shower. While Governor Landon was on his way to Pennsylvania to demonstrate his fitness for the Presidency by proving that he was born if not in a log cabin at least in a doubtful state, every county in Kansas was officially put in the area to be given drought relief. No wonder Mr. Landon is insisting that the drought belongs to no party and should be kept out of politics. We doubt that he was reassured by the President's statement that no politics are involved in his tour of the drought area. Mr. Roosevelt will appear, presumably, only in the role of savior. We await Mr. Landon's Buffalo appearance.

Floyd Olson: Forerunner

AT FORTY-FOUR Floyd Olson still had an exciting stretch of life ahead of him. He was serving the third term of a brilliant career as Minnesota's governor; he was almost certain to be elected in November to the United States Senate; he was easily one of the two or three logical choices for the leadership of a labor party when it emerges in 1940 as a contender for national power. If ever a man seemed to have, to use Mr. Roosevelt's phrase, a rendezvous with destiny it was Floyd Olson.

His whole life was one of those recurring miracles that have not yet vanished from America even in an era of financial concentration and lessened social mobility—the career open to talent. His father was a freight-loader and lumberjack, his mother a domestic servant; both of them were immigrants. Floyd Olson spent his boyhood in the Minneapolis slums. He went to high school and later studied law, but his real education came in the interval between these two formal schoolings. In that interval he was lumberjack, longshoreman, miner; he was a "wobbly" in the heyday of the I. W. W., and he learned his radical doctrine straight from men like himself—big, hulking men who did the work of the world and were proud to call themselves the workers of the world. It was in these years that he got his amazing capacity to understand and handle men and his even rarer belief in the common man's capacities.

He was a genuine democrat, with a small *d*. He believed in people, knew how to lead them, knew how to build a political organization on their aspirations and their energies. There is much to say about his career as governor—about his resourceful legislative record; his novel use of the militia not to beat up strikers but to protect their civil liberties; his program for relief, social security, and social taxation. But in the end it all sums up to a hard-headed and pragmatic radicalism. Olson came, like Thorstein Veblen, out of the Norwegian Northwest. He had behind him the same Populist tradition, the same stubborn belief in the social group, the same rootedness in the regional soil. He had also the hard-bitten American quality of working within the limits of his medium. He knew how to play the game in politics; he knew how to build his own machine, how to outsmart the smartest of the boys, how to beat them at their own tricks. But he was not merely another machine politician. When he announced in 1934, after his third victory for the governorship, "You bet your life I'm radical. You might say I'm radical as hell," he was casting his lot with those who believe that American democracy can flourish best only under a recasting of our economic set-up. In the mixture of that belief and his native shrewdness lay Olson's strength and his appeal.

And there too will lie the strength and appeal on which independent labor action in politics must be built in the next four years. Olson the governor is dead. Olson the forerunner will have a place in American political history.

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The Whole Mooney Case

BY MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD

San Francisco, August 22

IN 1935 John F. Finerty, an eminent attorney who had been de Valera's American legal representative, appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States and applied for a writ of habeas corpus for Tom Mooney, on the ground that his conviction was a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The writ was denied on the objection that Mooney had not exhausted the resources of the California courts. Three lawyers, working without fee at their own expense, then proceeded to take the indicated action. They were Finerty, who had been interested in the case since 1933; the veteran Frank P. Walsh, one of the outstanding liberals of the American bar, who had been Mooney's counsel for many years; and a brilliant young San Francisco attorney, George T. Davis. They applied first to the Superior Court of Marin County, in which San Quentin is located, and were denied a writ without even a hearing. They appealed to the Appellate Court, and received a two-to-one denial. There was then left the state Supreme Court.

In July, 1935, the California Supreme Court appointed as referee an obscure attorney, a classmate of the chief justice, who had never before taken part in a criminal case. The attorneys and the referee went first to Baltimore to take the testimony of John MacDonald, one of the two principal frame-up witnesses, who had long ago recanted and now, a wreck in a wheel chair, was barely able to testify. They went next to Grayville, Illinois, to interview F. E. Rigall, the small-town gambler who was sent for as a corroborating witness by "the honest cattleman" Frank C. Oxman, the other chief perjurer besides MacDonald, and who, when he arrived in San Francisco, got cold feet and refused to appear on the stand. Rigall, paralyzed and speechless—he has since died—was beyond their questioning. Mooney's lawyers and the representative of the respondent (the state), Assistant Attorney William F. Cleary, then returned to San Francisco, and in September, 1935, the actual hearings were begun before the referee, Addison E. Shaw. The sessions were expected to last a month. They took over a year, with 135 actual court days. The transcript runs to 15,000 pages. At first there was a love feast. Cleary, a huge, unwieldy figure who gave the impression of being towed around by his sharp little assistant, Emory Mitchell, announced that for once Mooney was going to have a fair hearing. (His father was a famous labor attorney, and Cleary calls himself a "liberal.") The love feast did not last long. By the end of the hearings there were sharp passages and constant warfare, with Referee Shaw openly siding with Cleary and Mitchell.

After some preliminary wrangling Warren Billings was brought down from Folsom, lodged with Mooney in the San Francisco county jail, and allowed to attend the sessions. (Because he is a recidivist, by California law no action can be taken on his case without concurrence of the entire Supreme Court.) It was a dramatic moment, the first time Mooney and Billings had met since the day before the explosion, twenty years ago. Later, in the courtroom, all five of the original Preparedness Day defendants took the witness stand in turn, and retold their story—Mooney, Billings, Rena Mooney, Weinberg, and Nolan. Nolan came from Los Angeles, Weinberg from Cleveland.

It became evident early in the proceedings that the most important matter in these hearings was going to be not the case itself but its background. Tom Mooney was not simply picked out at random to be the victim of a frame-up in the hysterical days preceding America's entry into the World War. He was framed because he was a militant, left-wing labor leader, because he had bucked the big corporations which held San Francisco and California in their grip—particularly the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and the United Railroads, now the Market Street Railway Company. And between these corporations and the conservative union officials of San Francisco there had existed an unholy alliance, a pact which traded support for the Union Labor Party in exchange for hands off in organizing the corporations' employees. Charles M. Fickert, the man most responsible for the framing of Mooney and his young coworker, Billings, was actually elected district attorney in 1909 on that Union Labor Party ticket, with the understanding that he would help to dismiss the remaining indictments against the defendants in the San Francisco graft prosecutions of 1907.

Therefore the story of the electrical workers' "outlaw" strike of 1913, the unsuccessful attempt to frame Mooney in Martinez on account of a small arsenal of weapons planted in his open boat while he and his companions had left it unguarded, the successful framing of Billings in Sacramento on a charge of carrying dynamite, the abortive street-car strike of June, 1916—these issues worked their way to the forefront of the proceedings, and at times almost obscured the story of the actual Preparedness Day case itself. On the excuse of displaying the "frame of mind" of the prosecution, both Fickert—now a pitiful physical wreck—and Edward Cunha, his assistant, who actually prosecuted the original trial of Mooney, were permitted to deliver vicious, excited harangues by the hour. They were allowed to call Mooney a madman, a murderer, a professional dynamiter. Similar outbursts were tolerated by the referee from James F. Brennan, who prosecuted Billings, and from Charles Goff, in 1916 head of the "Bomb Bureau" and now head of the San Francisco traffic squad. It became more important to know why Mooney had solicited subscriptions for Alexander Berkman's Anarchist paper, the *Blast,* than to account for the

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proved perjury of the gang of wastrels, morons, and criminals who had been the prosecution's witnesses in 1917.

In the face of all this, Mooney and his lawyers patiently and slowly built up a mass of ordered evidence that constituted the first full presentation in open court of the entire case. For more than a month they dug in the basement of the Hall of Justice and in the Attorney General's office, and brought forth over a thousand documents hitherto suppressed or hidden, some of them of vital importance. They brought to the stand scores of witnesses—some who had appeared many times before, some newly ferreted out and induced to come forward and testify after twenty years—through whose stories, against all the opposition of the respondent's attorneys and the referee, there gradually became visible a coherent record of monstrous injustice. Let me describe very briefly the evidence given by George Miller, George Grimmer, and Draper Hand.

Miller used to be a special policeman for the Southern Pacific Railroad. In 1917 he hired 150 scabs for the second United Railroads strike. In 1919 Miller, out of a job, decided that the grateful United Railroads ought to get him one. They did—two, indeed, running concurrently, one as conductor and one as spy on the other workers. Once a month he had to report his findings as a spy to Melnott McCants (now dead), assistant general manager. One day, somehow, Mooney's name came into the conversation.

"Miller," said McCants, "Mooney and Billings are going to remain in prison as long as the United Railroads can keep them there. We know they're not guilty, but they're agitators, and their kind of agitation cost us a million dollars in that strike."

Grimmer's story was pure melodrama. He had had a long career as a labor spy for street-car companies all over the United States. His experience with the United Railroads began in 1906, when President Patrick Calhoun, chief defendant in the San Francisco graft prosecutions, hired him to join the union and "holler strike from the housetops," so that the company could "force a strike and lick hell out of them."

Ten years later Grimmer was in San Francisco again, and jobless. The new president of the United Railroads, Jesse W. Lilienthal, sent him to this same McCants who had been so indiscreet with Miller. "We can use you," McCants said; "We've got a number of no-good men in this city whom we want to run out of the state or across the bay" (to San Quentin). He named Mooney as one of the "no-good men" and assigned Grimmer to shadow him. After a while Grimmer grew nervous. He went back to McCants and said, "Are you going to frame him?" "Of course not," answered McCants sarcastically. "Nobody likes to hear the word 'frame.' We just want you to be at the same place Mooney is, at the same time, if anything happens." Grimmer was scared; he threw up the assignment and McCants told him to get out. On the day of the explosion Grimmer heard the blast while he was riding in a street car, and at the end of the line he remarked to an inspector, "I guess that's going to be pinned on Mooney." A week later three strange men came up to him. One of them said, "You've been throwing up your guts about this case. The best thing you can do is to beat it."

Grimmer decamped to Los Angeles, where, in proof of the adage that virtue is its own reward, he rose to be president of the civil-service commission. In 1920, in Los Angeles, he met Joe Daugherty, a half-breed Indian who had been a strike-breaker in the 1907 United Railroads strike and had boasted about shooting two men and being able to "crawfish out of it." Daugherty had dinner with Grimmer, and Grimmer noticed how nervous he was. "Well," said Daugherty, "I might be shot or stabbed at any minute." He wouldn't say why. After a while Grimmer got on to the Mooney case. "Who do you think pulled that stunt at Steuart and Market streets?" he asked. "Mooney?" "Naw, that —— wouldn't have the guts," Daugherty answered. "He had absolutely nothing to do with it. I could put my hand on the man's shoulder that did it." And he placed his hand on his own shoulder.

A few months later Daugherty's decapitated body was found in an alley in Chicago, with his head neatly placed on his chest. (Chicago dispatches confirmed this fact.)

The testimony of these two men was brilliantly climaxed by the appearance of Draper Hand. In 1916 Hand was a San Francisco policeman, one of the Bomb Bureau and extremely active in the frame-up. It was he, for example, who took Oxman to "identify" first Mooney and Billings and then Weinberg's jitney bus. He told how Oxman got into the car and trailed his hand over it to see if a man could hold a suitcase on the running-board. He told how Oxman suddenly turned to him and said, "Draper, do you think they'll know we're lying?" and how MacDonald threatened to "spill everything" if they didn't get him a job. He told of Mrs. Edeau's "identification" of Mooney, Billings, Weinberg, and Nolan, after he had called each one by name in her presence. He told how she changed her first story, of being at Steuart and Market, so that she could have been in front of 721 Market and seen "everything that Estelle Smith saw," and how he was ordered to destroy his first report of her evidence and make one out in consonance with her later story. And he told how he staged a demonstration having as actors the persons who had been on the roof of the Eilers building with the Mooneys all through the parade, and how at its conclusion Assistant District Attorney Brennan threw up his hands and cried, "We've got the wrong man!" (Brennan, of course, denied this later, but he acknowledged that the case had been a "nightmare" to him.)

Hand, who has fallen on evil days since he was discharged from the police force after he had confessed his part in the frame-up to Fremont Older, and who is now on probation on a grand-theft charge, obviously delighted in baiting the slow-thinking Cleary. Suave, sarcastic, and malicious, he spoke with the completely cynical frankness of a man who has already lost everything and no longer fears anything. But the most stirring moment of these long-drawn-out months of testimony came when Mooney himself spoke out of a full heart to refute Cunha's characterization of him as a savage lunatic bent on destruction.

"I am not a destroyer," he said, his voice ringing through the courtroom. "I am a creator, a social builder.

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The aim and object of my whole life has been to build a new social order which would insure justice to the workers. I abhor violence; the thought of a person's being killed, in war or by capital punishment or otherwise, is repulsive and repugnant to my nature. But I have hated and fought injustice all my life, and that is why I am in prison today." Even Shaw, even Cleary, forbore to silence that voice.

In the very last days the Supreme Court hurled its own bomb into the proceedings. For a year, after appeals to clarify its orders, it had ruled that Shaw's function was merely that of certifying the record, as a sort of glorified notary public. Then all at once, in renewing his commission, it empowered him to make findings of fact, and to pass on the credibility of witnesses, concerning whom he had no authority to judge when they actually testified.

A vehement protest against this ruling and a plea that the court itself consider the record will be made by Mooney's counsel. But it is a final proof that Mooney can secure redress only by federal action. The Mooney case is still political dynamite in California.

Inside Spain

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

Madrid, August 13

GETTING into Spain proved to be a much more thrilling adventure than we had anticipated when we left New York in mid-July. We had planned a leisurely jaunt through the country with stops at Oviedo, Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona. It was somewhat of a shock, therefore, to learn at Paris that the frontier had been completely closed as a result of the fascist uprising.

For more than a week we fretted and fumed at various places in France, angered at what seemed to be the unreasonable obstinacy of the rebel chieftains. The dribble of news which reached us through the French press was exasperating. One day the government forces would seem to be in complete control of the situation; on the next the rebels would be reported to be about to capture Madrid. There were reports that the "Communists" had taken over the whole of Catalonia, and that the country had been plunged into a social revolution. In a desperate effort to obtain information, we visited the border at Hendaye, but were not able to get within 200 yards of the international bridge. We even tried to find a ship to Portugal, but were informed that the next sailing from Bordeaux was sometime in September. Finally, when it appeared as if we should have to return to New York without setting foot on Spanish soil, we discovered a brief line in a French paper to the effect that rail transportation in Catalonia had been restored to "near normal." Three hours later we were on a train bound for the French border station of Cerbere on the Mediterranean coast.

After ten days of misinformation in the French and British press, we were prepared for anything. We had read vivid stories of red terror, of food shortage, of the confiscation of private property, and of the necessity for obtaining permits for everything from street-cars rides to meals. The report that Barcelona was in the hands of the Communists recalled tales of conditions in Petrograd and Moscow after the October revolution. At best, we were fully prepared to spend much of our limited time unwinding red tape in order to obtain living quarters and meals. At worst, we feared we should not get in at all.

For there was still the unsolved problem of how to get across the border. Lacking an official journalist's card, I had concocted a vague scheme for besieging the Spanish consulate at Cerbere, if such existed, for a letter which might get us past the frontier guards. On arriving at the border, we noticed that most of the Spaniards who had accompanied us on the train were setting out on foot toward the tunnel which lay between us and the Spanish city of Portbou. Strongly tempted to follow, I was restrained by the thought of carrying a hundred pounds of luggage through the mile-long tunnel with the possibility of having to carry it back again. As we stood on the platform, immobilized by uncertainty, a porter approached and muttered the magic word "passport." My wife, being relatively unencumbered, rushed to the passport office, and by the time I arrived I was greeted with the information that our passport had been stamped and that we were officially out of France. There was no longer any choice about the tunnel.

Having found a porter who would take part of our bags as far as the frontier post for twenty francs, we plunged into the darkness, spurred on by word that a train would be coming through from the other direction in about twenty minutes. We plodded through the murk, unsure of what we should find at the other end. There were many others in the tunnel, most of them behind us. Who were they? Friends or enemies? As we went deeper into the blackness the strangeness of our position grew upon us. Only the French porter was a known quantity, and who was he? The tension was broken at last—when from behind us, in Spanish, French, and German, came the strains of the "Internationale." The porter dropped our suitcases and raised his clenched fist.

When we finally emerged from the darkness we were stopped by a group of workers armed with shotguns and pistols. With some misgiving we watched our porter turn back. But to our surprise the guards made only the most casual examination of our papers and luggage. Then followed a long trek sans porter to the trade-union headquarters in Portbou. As if to confirm the reports that the Communists had taken over Catalonia, virtually all the passersby raised their fists in the Communist salute to members of our party.

At the trade-union headquarters we were treated with

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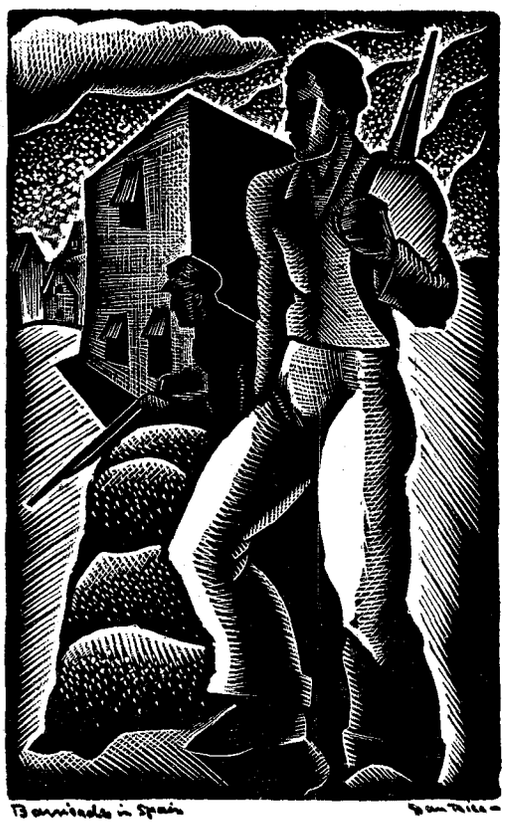
the utmost courtesy. But the officials were frankly skeptical. We had letters showing our connection with *The Nation,* but the only *Nation* they knew was a Buenos Aires journal which is distinctly conservative in policy. They were not satisfied with the assertion that the American *Nation* was usually considered left-wing, and asked whether it was left for the bosses or left for the workers. When assured that it was for the workers, there was a long consultation, finally resulting in our being handed two slips of paper which, when stamped, permitted us to buy tickets for Barcelona and to purchase a much-needed meal at the station restaurant.

After this introduction we were fully prepared to find life in Spain as regimented and chaotic as it had been in Russia in the early days of the Bolshevik regime. We envisioned spending at least twenty-four hours making the 100-mile trip to Barcelona. To our surprise the train pulled out on schedule and arrived in the Catalonian capital in just three hours and a quarter. Our first impressions of Barcelona carried out the illusion of a revolutionary situation. Baggage and documents were carefully examined by workers before we left the station platform. The streets were crowded with armed men; all automobiles, street cars, and buses bore the initials of one or another of the great trade unions; the red flag flew proudly from several of the city's greatest hotels; barricades could still be seen at several of the main intersections, some of them still guarded by armed workers; the banks, theaters, and a few of the business houses were closed, while many of the larger stores carried signs indicating that their contents had been commandeered by the government. All churches except the cathedral had been destroyed, and their ruins in some instances were still smoldering.



Barricade in Spain

Superficially Barcelona appeared much as Moscow or Petrograd must have appeared in the fall of 1917. But the similarity was largely external. Life moved about as usual. We encountered no difficulty in locating a pension; food supplies appeared to be virtually normal; street cars and buses moved regularly, though service was suspended at ten o'clock in the evening; prices were stationary, and we observed no sign of shortage in essential supplies.

Despite its proximity to the front, Madrid seems much more normal than Barcelona. Theaters are open; street-car and subway service is maintained until the early hours of the morning; armed men are much less in evidence, though each hotel and restaurant has to provide a definite number of free meals to trade-union men serving in the popular militia. Most of the churches have been untouched, though they are closed by government order. The number of temporary hospitals which have been set up and the ambulances scurrying through the streets bring the war much closer home than at Barcelona. For this reason, perhaps, we have been distinctly less conscious of the class struggle.

Contrasted with Paris, Berlin, or other non-Socialist capitals, however, Madrid bears a very proletarian aspect. The streets and theaters are thronged with robust workers. The editor of one of Spain's greatest newspapers wore overalls when he met us for tea at a sidewalk cafe. One of the foreign correspondents told me that the commander-in-chief of the army received the press similarly clad.

In view of these externals it is perhaps not surprising that the sensational and reactionary press of England and the United States should refer to the Madrid government rather indiscriminately as red, Socialist, Communist, and Anarchist. While the radical parties are not represented in the government, they are unquestionably powerful and command a high degree of sympathy from the middle and well-to-do classes. Here in Madrid as well as at Barcelona I have talked with men of all shades of political opinion — excluding, of course, the fascists, who are none too available at the moment—and I find no one, even among the government's own party, who is not bitter against the spineless, dilatory tactics of the Cabinet. Weeks before the uprising, rumors began to leak out of a pending fascist coup that would be headed by high military officers. True, such rumors had been heard in Spain almost continuously since 1931, but never before had the evidence been so complete and incontrovertible. It was widely known that Calvo Sotelo was being groomed as dictator of the proposed totalitarian state, and that General Franco was one of the chief conspirators. The exact date of the expected outbreak was not known, but it was generally believed that it would come no later than August or September. As more and more information regarding the plot accumulated, the leaders of the working-class organizations—Socialists, Communists, Unified Marxists, and the trade unions—pleaded with the government to take action against the suspects and to strengthen its own defenses. The Republican leaders, notably Azaña, refused either to investigate the reports or to take the slightest precautions. Several of the rebel leaders who were under suspicion were named to positions of responsibility within a few weeks of the uprising.

Fortunately the working-class organizations were thoroughly aroused, and when Sotelo was assassinated in

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the early morning of July 12, they prepared for the inevitable blow. For several days before the outbreak workers crowded the Barcelona Rambla as early at five o'clock in the morning planning how to resist the coup. Both in Barcelona and Madrid the trade unions demanded that the government distribute arms, but the request was denied despite Prieto's prophetic speech of July 15. Finally, on Saturday evening, July 18, after the reports had come in of the rebellion in Morocco, the government agreed to arm the Madrid workers. About midnight of the same day the insurgents at the Montana barracks delivered an ultimatum calling upon the government to resign, and actual fighting broke out early the next morning. At Barcelona only a handful of the workers were armed when the fighting began, and most of these had obtained their weapons by storming a supply depot a few hours before the uprising.

Even when confronted with the fact of the rebellion, President Azaña refused to believe that the generals were disloyal to the republic. In the hope that a slight change in governmental policy might conciliate the rebel leaders, he hastily called for the resignation of his relatively energetic Premier, Caesares Quiroga, and named the conservative Martínez Barrio in his stead. Barrio was in turn replaced a few hours later by José Giral, a mild-mannered scientist whose sincerity is above suspicion but who is wholly untried in high government office.

With the government virtually immobilized, the real power naturally fell to the only groups possessing an effective, vital organization—the trade unions and radical parties. While the power of the workers' organizations is by no means as complete in Madrid as in Barcelona, it cannot be denied that the government owes the fact that it still exists largely to the almost superhuman efforts of the Socialists, Communists, and members of the Union General de Trabajadores. When the Red Cross needs a new hospital or medical equipment, it appeals not to the government but to one or another of the Marxist parties.

The rebels have not been slow to seize upon this fact as proof of "red" domination of the Madrid regime. And Madrid's reply that it has not a single Socialist or Communist in the government fails to carry conviction. Nevertheless, there is a vast difference between domination by the working class and social revolution. Faced with the threat of reaction, even the most radical of the working-class leaders recognize the necessity for a broad united front of all anti-fascist elements. Their program is far from revolutionary. At the moment the Communist Party is the largest political party in Spain, its membership having risen from less than 25,000 in February to approximately 150,000 today. For international as well as immediate local reasons this party is committed, for the time being at least, to unqualified support of a moderate reform program for the Popular Front. It very frankly admits that there is no immediate possibility of a proletarian revolution, and feels that at present it would be most unwise to stress its ultimately revolutionary aims.

Behind this seemingly excessive caution lie the realities of the war situation. Although the government appears to have the upper hand thus far, it would be fatal to underestimate the strength of the opposition. While the Spanish army is not noted for its efficiency or prowess, it has tremendous advantages over the citizen militia in training, discipline, and equipment. The truth regarding the chaos, confusion, and disorganization of the workers' armies in the first week of the struggle has never been half told. Only leaks and the fact that the air force and navy remained loyal to the republic prevented the insurgents from gaining all the key positions on the first day of the uprising. Supporting the rebel leaders are three of the most powerful elements in Spain—the church, the big landowners, and the financial oligarchy. Although frightened by the legislation proposed by the republic, these groups had suffered no weakening in economic power prior to the outbreak. Fascism as engineered by them would be devoid of even progressive phrases, and would involve little more than a return to the feudal landlordism and church-fostered ignorance of the eighteenth century. For this reason the middle class has not, as in other countries, mounted the fascist band-wagon. As long as the Popular Front confines itself to a broad progressive program, it stands an excellent chance of holding and extending its influence with this class. A premature revolutionary outbreak, on the other hand, would throw the middle class into the arms of reaction and doom Spain to a fate far worse than that of Italy and Germany.

Although the desperate necessity of resisting fascist aggression has temporarily fused all the left forces of the republic, it has also sown the seed of possible future discord. No matter how decisive the final Republican victory may be, it is evident that the status quo ante can never be restored. The bankruptcy of the moderate left parties must be obvious to all Spaniards who are politically conscious. For the time being, however, there is an absolute moratorium on politics. Nothing is heard of the friction between the two wings of the Socialist Party, and there are no signs of dissension within the ranks of the Popular Front. The program of immediate reforms which has been agreed upon by all parties, including the Anarchists, may be counted on to preserve unity for at least a short time after the suppression of the rebellion. Obviously much needs to be done in the way of education and organization before there can be any possibility of transforming Spain into a socialist state. This is seen by the leaders, but the rank and file are not so discerning. In the interminable political discussions which one hears in public squares, on trains, and wherever workers are gathered, the possibility of an immediate overturn of capitalism is frequently assumed without question.

The situation is particularly critical in Catalonia, where tens of thousands of armed workers in the Anarchist-controlled C. N. T. (Confederación Nacional del Trabajo) dominate the province. Neither the left parties represented in the Catalonian *Generalidad* nor the organizations controlled by the Socialists and Communists have any real power in the province. Next to the C. N. T. and the Anarchists' political organ, the F. A. I. (Federación Anarquista Iberica), the Trotskyist P. O. U. M. led by Andrés Nin is perhaps most influential. All these groups are outside the Popular Front, and the Anarchists, espe-

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cially, have a long tradition of intransigence toward all authority. These men will not easily forget that they were forced to fight bare-handed against machine-guns because a timid government feared to put arms in the hands of the workers; nor will they submit willingly to the rule of their traditional enemies, the Socialists and Communists. The Anarchists have no program of their own, and their opposition to all forms of government makes it impossible to draw them into any permanent coalition.

But while formidable in self-defense and given to parading through the streets with a gun, the average member of the Anarchist groups has shown no particular fondness for fighting. The number of C. N. T. members at the Saragossa front is small in comparison to their preponderance on the streets of Barcelona. It is possible, therefore, that the pending program for transforming the popular militia into a republican army on the basis of willingness to fight will automatically deflate the power of the C. N. T. and put arms in the hands of groups more loyal to the Popular Front. There is also reason to hope that a vigorous government program designed to meet the immediate wants of the working-class population will serve to minimize any opposition from extremists. But it would be rank folly for anyone to hazard the assertion that bloodshed will be averted.

If despite all of these handicaps fascism is suppressed, the credit will rest almost exclusively with the trade unions and radical political parties. Liberals may complain that the radicals have been unduly harsh in their treatment of their political enemies. It is probably true that in Spain as in Russia men have been imprisoned, deprived of their property, and even killed who were not actively involved in counter-revolutionary activity. Yet the events of the last few weeks indicate that the legalistic attitude of the Republicans constitutes a far greater threat to civilization than do the excesses perpetrated by a handful of vengeful radicals. The most impressive fact in present-day Spain is not the terror and cruelty which is naturally associated with class war, but the discipline and restraint of the revolutionary parties. Their moderation and devotion to the republic have unquestionably saved Spain from fascism or utter chaos. Is it too much to expect that they will succeed in solving the even more difficult problems of victory?

Steelmasters: The Big Four

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

WHEN the Committee for Industrial Organization (C. I. O.) set out to unionize the steel industry, it was undertaking a complex as well as a difficult job. At first glance, one steel company looks very much like another when it comes to labor policy. They are practically all open shop and bitterly anti-union. They all pay the same scale of wages. When a major company cuts or raises wages, the whole industry follows at once. They are banded together in the powerful American Iron and Steel Institute. Toward organized labor steel seems to present a monolithic call of united opposition.

Closer inspection, however, reveals some cracks in the wall. Most steel workers, for example, would rather work for Bethlehem or United States Steel than for Republic or National. The two older and bigger companies have a looser control over their workers than Republic and National, both born in 1930, whose labor policies like their commercial policies are tough, vigorous, ruthlessly efficient. Such differences, however minor in times of peace, may become extremely important in the crucial period ahead of the steel industry. They are most readily symbolized in the personalities of the handful of executives who dominate the industry today. Four of them may be selected as at once typical and important in themselves: Grace of Bethlehem, Weir of National, Girdler of Republic, and Taylor of United States Steel. Among them, they represent over 60 per cent of the country's steel production.

Eugene Gifford Grace is president of Bethlehem Steel Corporation, which makes 14 per cent of the nation's steel and is second in size only to the United States Steel Corporation. He is sixty years old, and this year he celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his presidency. Baldish and commonplace looking, he finds his chief interest outside his job in golf, which he plays well enough to have acquired a shelf full of cups. He lives simply in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he brought up his three children in the Spartan manner affected by many self-made fathers. He neither drinks nor smokes. His conversational manner is alert, nervous, quick with replies. Urbane and constantly smiling, he is the perfect "spokesman" for the industry. For all his suavity he can be unyielding when something important, such as the open shop, is at stake. As Samuel Untermyer once remarked, "Mr. Grace is so accustomed to having his own way."

Grace was born in Goshen, New Jersey, son of a retired sea captain who ran a grocery store there. At an early age he showed signs of marked business ability. When his father offered twenty-five cents for every rat he trapped in the store, Eugene captured a property rat which he produced every morning for his quarter. Traces of the budding executive also may be discerned: school friends remember that when the ball went into the haymow, Eugene always got someone else to look for it. He worked his way through Lehigh University, distinguishing himself as prize mathematician, valedictorian, and captain of the baseball team, and graduating in 1899 with a degree

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in electrical engineering. That year he went to work for Bethlehem as electric-crane operator. In three years he was superintendent of the yards. When Schwab went into Bethlehem and began to build it up, he took a fancy to Grace. By 1908 Grace was general manager, and in 1916, at the age of forty, he became president. During the war years he and Schwab drove Bethlehem to unprecedented levels of production. Bethlehem made more munitions than any other company in the world, including Krupp. The war profits went largely into a great expansion and merger program which put Bethlehem far ahead of all its rivals—except, of course, United States Steel. Of late years Schwab has practically retired, leaving Grace in sole command. At sixty, Grace is the only active steelmaster who was a major figure during the 1919 strike. He is president of the American Iron and Steel Institute and without question the most powerful individual in the industry.

Eugene G. Grace

Abstemious as he is, Grace has one weakness: a remarkable appetite for cash bonuses. It began innocently enough when, for his services to his country and his stockholders in 1917 and 1918, he received some $3,000,000 in bonuses. But the habit grew until it became impossible to refuse a bonus. Several years ago, through the chances of a lawsuit, his stockholders were shocked and saddened to learn that their president had been indulging in million-dollar bonuses during years when his employers had received no dividends at all. At their urgent request, Grace has been on a strict regimen for several years now. His present salary is a modest $180,000 affair.

Grace has been an expensive employee, but perhaps he is worth it if only for his adroit handling of labor. Without drawing too much attention, he has effectively led the industry's fight on organized labor. In 1919 Samuel Untermyer, then Bethlehem's largest stockholder, tried in vain to get Grace to arbitrate. Two years later Untermyer had his revenge when he cross-examined Grace for the Lockwood committee. Under Untermyer's skilful questioning Grace was forced to admit that Bethlehem's policy was to refuse to sell steel to unionized building firms in Philadelphia and New York City. The heads of the Thompson-Starrett Company and the George A. Fuller Company, two of New York's biggest contractors, testified that Grace had said to them, "Don't you imagine for a moment we are going to let you fellows build up an organization of union men who can refuse to erect our steel, and bring about union conditions in our shops." To this day the erection of structural steel is the one open-shop division of the building trades.

In dealing with his own labor Grace has used "advanced" tactics. His "Bethlehem plan" for employer-employee relationship shares with Mr. Rockefeller's "Colorado plan" the glory of pioneering the company-union idea in steel. Soon after Grace became president of Bethlehem, he began to promote his "plan." His shrewdness was rewarded in the great 1919 steel strike. The Steel Corporation was badly crippled, but the strike never got started at Bethlehem. Not a mill was closed down, and there was no violence—in contrast to the bloody terrorism to which the corporation was reduced. In the following years Grace extended his plan to all his plants, adding pensions, stock offerings, and other up-to-date paternalistic features. "Trouble-makers" point out that in the five years 1925-30 Grace alone got $5,700,000, while in the twelve years 1923-35 his thousands of faithful pensioners received a total of $6,750,000. But the Bethlehem plan was never intended to discriminate against the superior individual.

The plan reaches an annual climax when the horny-handed representatives of the workers sit down for a frank, man-to-man discussion with Eugene Grace himself. "If you men have anything on your minds and don't speak out, it is your own fault," said Grace at one of these meetings. "There is no question that you cannot bring up. . . . If it is something you want and we cannot grant it, we will not hesitate to say so. If our decision is not convincing to you, you have the absolute right to convince us that we are wrong." Nothing could be fairer than that, certainly. No wonder the plan worked so well—in the boom years, at least—that Grace in 1926 declared with satisfaction, "We are actually getting to the point where meetings of workers, under the machinery set up for the adjustment of grievances, are devoted to a discussion of how to eliminate waste and increase production. . . ." It took years for most of Grace's fellow-steelmasters to grasp the significance of his plan. But today the company union is as widely accepted in the steel industry as is the open-hearth furnace.

Ernest Tener Weir is president of the National Steel Corporation, which has the best depression earning record in the steel industry. He is sixty-one years old, has three children, and lives in Pittsburgh. His usual expression is one of calm, candid benevolence. His voice is quiet and gentle. But this mild professorial appearance is deceptive. Weir is a fighter—"a great scrapper," his business associates say with admiration. He is the bad boy of the steel industry, a stubborn, hard-hitting individualist who goes right ahead and damns the torpedoes.

Weir was born in Pittsburgh and got his only education in the public schools there. At sixteen he went into the steel business as a clerk. At twenty-six he was superintendent of a sheet and plate mill in the newly formed United States Steel Corporation. A few years later he got out and went into business for himself, helping to

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found in 1905 the Phillips Sheet and Tin Plate Company. Later, when his partner, Phillips, died, it became the Weirton Steel Company. For twenty-five years Weirton Steel went along quietly enough, making comfortable profits but attracting little attention. In 1930 Weir engineered a merger with the Great Lakes Steel Company. The resulting National Steel is the only major steel company to show a profit every year from 1930 up to the present.

Weir is an enlightened capitalist. He is the outstanding pioneer in an industry noted for its stagnant conservatism. Weir has the only mill at Detroit, thereby violating a "gentleman's agreement" to keep out of Detroit. Weir is an aggressive price cutter, which is extremely bad form in the steel industry. Weir was considerably the first to put in one of the continuous-strip rolling mills which are currently revolutionizing steel production. All these bolshevik practices have made him at once the most successful and the most unpopular man in the industry. Weir once announced his hobby as "finding out what makes the industrial world tick." He is vice-chairman of the Maurice Falk Foundation, established in memory of one of his deceased partners, which has a $5,000,000 fund it must spend in thirty-one years for "the encouragement, improvement, and betterment of mankind." This foundation financed the studies recently published by the Brookings Institution as "America's Capacity to Produce" and "America's Capacity to Consume." The "Brookings thesis," that free competition and a better distribution of purchasing power offer the only way out for capitalism, has been enthusiastically proclaimed by Weir. He has publicly stated his belief that we can produce an abundant life for all, an unheard-of admission from a steel magnate. He has even declared himself "heartily in favor" of unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. So far, then, we have a liberal business man who preaches as sensible capitalistic doctrine as there is, and who practices what he preaches.

Can this be Weir of Weirton? Weir the "economic royalist" recently accused by Governor Earle of Pennsylvania of blocking adequate relief appropriations? Weir the Liberty Leaguer? Weir the man who fought the industry's bitter fight against Section 7-a of the National Recovery Act?

The fact is that Weir is one of the few surviving specimens of the pure-bred Adam Smith capitalist. Quite sincerely he believes in free competition, for capital as well as for labor. Alone of the executives considered in this article, Weir founded the company he runs. He treats it like a family business—as a proprietor and not as a hired executive—and he has almost $3,000,000 of his personal fortune sunk in it. Several years ago it was widely rumored that Weir had been offered the presidency of United Stated Steel at a huge salary. He turned it down. Such a personality finds itself badly split between progress and reaction in an age like ours. To the extent that he fights for free competition in a monopolistic industry, Weir is on the side of progress. But the logic of laissez faire also causes him to fight against the monopoly of the closed shop. Since his interests as well as his principles are threatened by the labor monopoly, Weir naturally throws himself with even greater zest into this crusade. And so he found himself, in his two-year battle with the NRA, the champion of a monopolistic steel industry which he was daily outraging with his unorthodox competitive tactics.

A man like Weir is the most dangerous sort of reactionary because he honestly believes he is being progressive. He has the vigor and the moral conviction which the conservative so fatally lacks. In the last two years Weir has become the very spearhead of the reactionary forces in steel. If the discreet and diplomatic Grace is the industry's official keynoter, Weir is the unofficial spokesman. "It is the responsibility of every business man to be articulate," he recently declared. He lives up to his responsibility. His more recent speeches would be described as incendiary if they came from the left. Last year he exhorted the members of the Union Club of Chicago: "It is up to you as business men to take the lead in changing that [the public's] mind and there are a number of very practical things you can do. . . . There has been a lamentable silence on the part of business. . . . We are fast arriving at the point where business leaders will have to fight. . . ."

In his labor policies Weir also exhibits a split personality. His investigations into "what makes the industrial world tick" have led him to the conclusion that high wages are essential to capitalist prosperity. But high wages have no connection with unions—at least Weir refuses to admit any. So he fights the Amalgamated as ardently as he preaches high wages. His labor policies are as notoriously hard-boiled as those of that other prophet of high wages, Henry Ford—whom Weir resembles in more ways than one. The late President Williams of Weirton Steel once said, "I believe in the right to strike, but when they go at it without consulting the management, it is a damnable institution." The better to remove from his men the temptation to strike without consulting the management, Weir has kept them under strict control. The city of Weirton, West Virginia (30,000 population), which has grown up around the mills he laid out in 1909, has for years been the largest unincorporated community in the country. Being unincorporated, it has no elected officials who might prove unreliable in a crisis.

The long fight with the NRA set all Weirton on edge, but it didn't ruffle the lord of the manor. At one critical point, with the future of collective bargaining under the NRA hanging in the balance, reporters learned from Weir that he had been rereading "David Copperfield," for the hundred-and-first time. "It gets better with each reading," he added. "I can open the book any time and soon become as engrossed as if I had just stumbled across it." A remark like that betrays a cynicism of which Weir perhaps was not always capable. As the struggle with labor intensifies, Weir will probably become more and more violently reactionary. His conflict with the NRA hardened his conservative tendencies as it dissolved his liberalism. Today he is less of a split personality than he was in 1933, and he is rapidly developing into a well-integrated rightist. His speeches grow more and more

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fiery. He steadily looms larger in Republican politics. Perhaps most significant of all, last year his comparatively modest salary of $54,000 a year went up to $160,000. A few years more, and he will regard his liberal statements about high wages and low prices as youthful indiscretions.

Tom Mercer Girdler is president, board chairman, and personal dictator of the Republic Steel Corporation, third biggest in the industry. He was born fifty-nine years ago on a farm near Louisville, Kentucky. He went from high school to Lehigh University, and was graduated in 1901 with an M.E. For many years he knocked around the steel industry as mill superintendent in various companies, ending up in 1914 as assistant to the superintendent of the Aliquippa works of Jones and Laughlin. By 1928 he had climbed to the presidency, which he left the next year to head the big new steel company that Cyrus Eaton was forming around the nucleus of the old Republic Steel Company. When Eaton's grandiose plans collapsed in disaster, Girdler was able to keep the newborn steel company from collapsing, too. Republic common went to 2, but the company somehow survived. It was a brilliant feat of management and finance, and it made Girdler a major power in the industry.

Girdler is a bald, dry little man with a genial manner and a fine command of profanity. His good nature is constant but somehow inhuman, as though it came from a lack of the emotions, scruples, and inhibitions of other men. There is a gnome-like quality to him as he sits behind his big, glass-topped desk, cocking a bright eye at you. Hard, unscrupulous, energetic in the pursuit of the main chance, he belongs to the tough old school of steelmasters that produced Frick and Carnegie. He is the most ambitious empire builder in the industry today. His only non-commercial passion is for horses, and he readily admits that he has a lot more feeling for horses than for men. As one might expect, his social responsibilities sit lightly on his shoulders. There are few enemies of organized labor more implacable than Tom Girdler. His classic pronouncement on labor came at the annual meeting of the Steel Institute in the spring of 1934, when he declared, "I have a little farm with a few apple trees, and before spending the rest of my life dealing with John Lewis I'm going to raise apples and potatoes. We are not going to deal with the Amalgamated or any other professional union even if we have to shut down." This is the frankest declaration on labor yet made by a steel man, and Girdler's assembled peers applauded him vigorously.

There was, naturally, a modicum of hot air in Girdler's speech. In fact, just three months previous he had found it advisable to sign a contract with John Lewis covering Republic's captive coal mines in Pennsylvania. On the other hand, some six weeks later, Republic refused to renew a contract with the Amalgamated which had been in force for twenty years at its Warren, Ohio, plant.

All executives of necessity think of labor as "cost" rather than "men," but few are inhumanly efficient enough to carry this out to its logical conclusion. Girdler is one of those happy few. His workers represent so many man-hours, and his job is to get maximum production with minimum man-hours. The single-mindedness with which he has done this makes his career extraordinary even in the steel business. During the years he was superintendent at Aliquippa, he created one of the tightest-shut company towns in the country. "The Siberia of America," it was called by labor leaders. They tell the story of the organizer who tried to pass out union literature on the streets of Aliquippa and who was speedily committed not to jail but to the insane asylum. Not until the NRA did the American Siberia begin to thaw out after the great Girdler freeze. When Girdler took over Republic, one of his first acts was to weed out the less efficient employees, regardless of length of service or other "sentimental"—that is, human—considerations. Many veteran machinists and other skilled workers lost their jobs. Youngstown still remembers those days with bitterness. Last fall the process was repeated when Republic took over the big Corrigan, McKinney Steel Company of Cleveland. The old Corrigan management had been notoriously easy-going with its working force. Girdler personally led an execution squad through the mills, firing hundreds of superfluous employees—"superfluous," that is, because Girdler knows how to get the most out of his men. One of the many reasons he dislikes the New Deal is because during the NRA period his foremen were forced to ease up on the men and earnings fell off.

The management which Girdler has assembled about him at Republic is young, aggressive, trained in his hard school. But the workers are also young—thirty-nine is the average age in the mills—and they too may become aggressive some day. Last year, led by young Clarence Irwin, now one of Lewis's top organizers, they put on a strike at the big Republic mills in Canton, Ohio, which was an extremely unpleasant bit of industrial warfare. The next time the lid blows off at Republic, Girdler may find that his methods are contagious.

The great bulwark of the open shop in steel is the United States Steel Corporation, which employs almost 200,000 men, makes 40 per cent of the nation's steel, and is bigger than its six biggest competitors put together. Ever since the corporation signalized its founding by sweeping the Amalgamated out of its plants, it has been the backbone of the industry's resistance to unionization. The 1919 strike was aimed mostly at the corporation, and the C. I. O. today knows that no solid organization can be built until the corporation is conquered.

The Steel Corporation dislikes unions as much as ever, but it is no longer the aggressive leader in the crusade. In this as in other fields leadership has passed to independents like National and Republic. The death of Gary took away some of the old fire. Sheer size tells more and more on the corporation, which some economists think is too big to be managed at all. The great hulk drifts along in a general counter-union direction, pushed this way and that by conflicting currents.

The balance of power rests with Myron Taylor, chairman of the board, who more than anyone else has inherited the powers of the late Judge Gary. But the corpora-

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tion is more unmanageably enormous than ever, and Taylor is distinctly not another Gary. His exercise of power is mostly negative, directed toward maintaining the status quo. With some pride he has stated that the corporation's labor policy in particular is the same today as it was in Gary's time. The fact is that between the social-service work of Vice-President Young, the blood-and-iron philosophy of President Fairless of Carnegie-Illinois, and various other shades of opinion among lesser officers, the corporation can hardly be said to have a labor policy at all. There is a curious lack of purpose and direction about the corporation today. The importance of Taylor is that, as a conservative of conservatives, his policies are at once the cause and the symbol of the corporation's impotence.

Myron Charles Taylor was born sixty-two years ago at Lyons, New York, son of a retired manufacturer. At twenty he was graduated from Cornell Law School, where he was a pupil of Charles Evans Hughes. His active career, between the ages of twenty-five and fifty, was passed in the textile business, where he devoted himself to the legal and financial intricacies of mergers, reorganizations, and recapitalizations. In 1925 the late George F. Baker persuaded him to become a director of the Steel Corporation. After Gary's death in 1927 Taylor, backed by the powerful Morgan-First National interests, became steadily more important in the management. In 1932 he succeeded J. P. Morgan as chairman of the board.

Taylor is one of those heavy-shouldered men whose powerful torsos burst out of the best-tailored clothes. He looks most impressive seated. When he rises, one is surprised to discover that he is not very tall. He has sad, deep-set, handsome eyes, a nose that is stubborn, pugnacious, and earthy as an Irish ditch-digger's, a mouth that is a mailbox slit, pinned down firmly by lines of determination. His face is very long and very large, so that there are considerable areas of it which aren't occupied by the features at all. He invariably wears high stiff collars, blue double-breasted suits, dark ties. He speaks slowly, almost wearily, leaning back heavily in his desk chair, gesturing with a tortoise-shell pince-nez to emphasize his points. His voice is soothingly cadenced, gently authoritative and reassuring, like that of a great psychiatrist who specializes in treating nervous women.

Taylor is a very different sort of steelmaster from Grace, Weir, or Girdler. He has never worked in the mills —steel or any other kind—and he knows little about the actual processes of steelmaking. Finance, not operation, is his forte, and Wall Street, not Pittsburgh, his native habitat. Grace and Weir and Girdler are more at home in shirtsleeves than in the traditional silk hat of the capitalist. But Taylor plays the grand seigneur. Genealogy is his hobby, and from 1930 to 1935 he was president of the New York Genealogical Society. His vanity, which is considerable, centers chiefly on his ancestors and his appearance. The walls of his office are crowded with coats of arms. A wealthy man quite apart from his $180,000 salary, Taylor owns a country house on Long Island, a huge town house, a villa outside Florence where he spends a month or so every year. He shoots grouse in Scotland, winters at Palm Beach, plays golf at Piping Rock, collects pictures and tapestries, and otherwise passes his time as a gentleman should.

Taylor's attitude toward labor is more complicated than that of simple natures like Grace and Girdler. There is more than a touch of the landed proprietor to whom his employees are so many worthy cottagers toward whom he has certain obligations. There is furthermore a good deal of Quaker benevolence. Like his parents, Taylor belongs to that kindly sect. A good deal of his time goes to organized charity. But for all his benevolence he is, after all, a business man. The discrepancy between what he should do as a philanthropist and what he must do as a capitalist has had on Taylor much the same unfortunate effect it produced on Ramsay MacDonald, the victim of a somewhat similar psychic conflict. Like MacDonald, he has developed a pathological aversion to reality which expresses itself in a nebulous prose style: In 1931 he wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post:* "Out of the depression we have been going through we shall have learned something of high importance. It is too soon to say just what we are learning." The increasing leisure which Taylor accurately foresees for the working classes under capitalism is one of his favorite themes. By its proper use, he told the St. Nicholas Society of New York in 1931, "we may further develop a new type which will find at last the golden key to all the hidden mysteries." This imaginative flight pleased him so much that he repeated it, almost word for word, in an address before the American Institute of Steel Construction two years later. It is, indeed, a beautiful thought, even if it fails to explain how the workers are to keep alive during their leisurely search for the golden key.

Such omissions are characteristic of Taylor's thinking. "What is our duty, we who are recognized as leaders of industry?" he asked the members of the institute in 1930. "We have a duty. It is up to us to adjust man to the machines. It is up to us to make that adjustment at once. The adjustment can be helped along if the work is divided as nearly as possible among those best prepared to do it." Share the work is the best solution Taylor can propose for the unemployment problem. "A really simple expedient," he has termed it, and so indeed it is. But he resolutely ignores the fact that if the work is shared, so is the pay. During the depression Taylor's simple expedient drastically reduced the already inadequate income of the corporation's workers. Furthermore, in 1931 and 1932 it seemed necessary to Taylor, as a business man, to cut wages 25 per cent. The first cut was made over the protests of President Farrell, who resigned shortly after it went into effect. Farrell was no philanthropist, but he had worked his way up from the mills and he knew what a pay cut really meant. It will be a long time before the corporation's employees forget the suffering and demoralization of those years. But Taylor had no trouble forgetting. On April 2, 1934, he assured his stockholders: "I don't believe there is a brighter page in the history of a company than the one which your corporation wrote with respect to the treatment of employees during the entire depression." There was enthusiastic applause.

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America Under the Trees

BY RUFUS P. FORD

Kansas City, Missouri, August 10

YOU have no idea how much fun we are getting out of this Landon-for-President campaign, conceived and conducted by our great newspaper, the Kansas City *Star*. It is more fun than a picnic, even one of those Estes Park picnics. We are rapidly adopting a new motto: "All we know is what we don't see in the newspapers."

We have watched the building up of Governor Landon from the very beginning. Indeed, we are practically fed up on Brother Landon. We have had him at dinner, on the street, on horseback, trying to cook a steak, to catch at least one trout in the Colorado streams; we have had his official life, his home life, his child life, and his adult life. He has become the original Horatio Alger boy of the nation. In the winter we had him in all sorts of poses, always dressed in "the old leather jacket, the out-door jacket, the tight-zipping jacket, that Alf Landon wore." But the *Star* pulled a boner when it showed us the Governor seated with that delightfully groomed ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois. Governor Landon had on wide collegiate trousers, and his hosiery was falling about his shoe tops. Years ago Jerry Simpson of Kansas shocked a sedate Congress by appearing in Washington with unclad shins. Evidently they have learned how to wear socks in Kansas. They now need a few good garter salesmen and demonstrators.

To return to the propaganda, it goes along nicely, thank you. Governor Landon calls a session of the legislature to provide for some change in the constitution so the state can receive federal money for its social-security plan. And the newspaper accounts would lead us to believe that this was the most remarkable meeting of a state legislature ever held: "Governor Landon's message was typical of the man. It was brief, business-like; it stated concisely the purpose of the extraordinary session and let it go at that, without histrionics." (Apparently the editorial writer was tired of the plain people and couldn't help himself; but we fear that "histrionics" will not get very far with the Kansas cohorts.) In this special session there was some twitting of the Governor by the Democratic members, especially with regard to the hypocritical attitude of the Republicans on prohibition, and the effort to do something about the Kansas civil-service law, which has been on the statute books since 1915 and never enforced. The next day the *Star* said editorially: "Kansas acted quickly. . . . Kansans have had too much to do in years past, they have too much to do now, to bother about extending a legislative session beyond the barest requirements. And that was as Governor Landon asked and expected." And of course that is what Governor Landon would ask and expect of the wild men of the United States Congress.

In 1932, if Mr. Hoover sneezed, it was the most wonderful sneeze that ever happened. And now if Mr. Landon coughs, it is a most melodious cough. Mr. Landon goes down to Independence to cast his ballot in the primaries, and this gives the *Star* a chance to spring an editorial on the American Tradition and a front-page news article on "Does Duty as a Citizen. . . . Landon goes home to cast ballot," and thereby sets a shining example of courage and consecration for millions of citizens yet unborn.

The reporters insist on dragging Mrs. Landon into the propaganda. There are long articles about her domesticity, and how she is going to be a President's wife and remain in the background. The climax came when one of the news sisters went into a delirium about the Estes Park picnic:

> Governor Landon seized the first place he found at the table with Peggy Anne beside him. Mrs. Landon sat far down toward the end and talked about foods and children to a woman reporter. Beyond that there is nothing to say about the steak fry that couldn't be said about any other occasion of its kind. . . . It was just America under the trees. It wound up with songs around the camp fire.

That line should go down in history—"just America under the trees."

We have two papers in Kansas City, Missouri—the *Journal Post* and the Kansas City *Star* (the Kansas City *Times* is the morning edition of the *Star*); and both are violently Republican. We have had no Democratic paper for years, and despite this fact Kansas City and Jackson County and the state of Missouri usually are safely Democratic. The people read the *Star,* but they don't vote it.

This brings us to the recent primary election in Missouri and Kansas. In Missouri the Democrats polled over 700,000 votes in the primary and the Republicans approximately 300,000. Of course that is just a meager difference of 400,000, and the energetic and resourceful J. D. M. Hamilton may be able to overcome this handicap if he has to call out the militia. He has already claimed Missouri by at least 200,000 votes.

In Kansas a political cyclone seems to be brewing. The Democratic vote in the primary showed a surprising total of over 200,000, at least 53,000 more votes than were ever polled by Democrats in any Kansas election. Furthermore a W. B. Trembley of Kansas City, Kansas, who was personally backed to the limit by the Landon forces for the office of state treasurer, was soundly defeated for the nomination by J. J. Rhodes, present incumbent and for some reason *persona non grata* to Governor Landon.

With the results of the primaries before them our reporters and editors went into a complete tailspin. For two days the newspapers were dull and uninteresting; it was as if nothing exciting had happened or would happen again. Perhaps the shadow of impending events had already cast a gloom over the industrious and clever groups inhabiting our newspaper offices.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BY ALL odds the best speech which the President has made on the subject of peace was the one that he delivered at Chautauqua on August 15. I found it frank and moving, with a quality of earnestness that I have not always felt in his previous utterances on this subject. There were admissions in it that were quite remarkable, seeming to indicate that he has moved considerably in his thinking on matters of peace, and it was gratifying to have him declare that "we are not isolationists except in so far as we seek to isolate ourselves completely from war." I welcome his statement that "if we must face the choice of profits or peace, the nation will answer—must answer—'We choose peace.'" I acclaim his frank and positive "I hate war."

Now I am well aware that the cynics and doubters will say that all this is mere rhetoric, however appealing, and point out that while the President speaks thus he is going right on preparing for war and putting the United States into that mad and insensate naval-armament race with Japan and Great Britain which will in all likelihood eventually lead to war. As I write these words the morning paper brings the news that he has had an anti-aircraft gun set up on his estate and that he has expressed the wish that we have many more of them and his pleasure that for the first time we are thus showing our teeth to the world. I admit the inconsistency. The President enjoys all things naval and military precisely as Theodore Roosevelt did. It is a part of the boyishness so conspicuous in both their make-ups. None the less, one must welcome so outspoken an anti-war statement as the President made and put it on the credit side of the ledger.

Perhaps the most striking portion of the speech, however, was that which dealt with the question of neutrality. It was right there that I noticed the change. When additional neutrality legislation was first suggested in Congress, Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Hull were both opposed to tying the President's hands. They felt that Congress could not foresee every emergency and that the President might be helpless in a sudden situation, with Congress, let us say, not in session. Now the President has made the strongest argument possible for the contrary policy, which some of us have been advocating so strenuously. Thus, I have been maintaining for years that Presidents have, and still can, put us into war single-handed. Here is Mr. Roosevelt saying that "the effective maintenance of American neutrality depends today, as in the past, on the wisdom and determination of whoever at the moment occupy the offices of President and Secretary of State." Precisely. And here is a passage which sounds like a direct reference to the collapse of Woodrow Wilson before the war-makers:

> We can keep out of war if those who watch and decide have a sufficiently detailed understanding of international affairs to make certain that the small decisions of each day do not lead toward war, and if, at the same time, *they possess the courage to say no to those who selfishly or unwisely would let us go to war* [italics mine].

There, I maintain, is the clearest proof of my long-held contention that Woodrow Wilson could have kept us out of war if he had so willed, if he had had the courage to keep the promise he made to me and many others that this country would never go into the war.

Amazingly fine, too, was the President's statement of the pressure that is brought to bear upon the Executive the minute war begins abroad by those who think that America will then be able to capture the trade of the world and put all the unemployed to work. He spoke of the Executive when he said: "To resist the clamor of that greed, if war should come, would require the unswerving support of all Americans who love peace." It is pleasant to be able to assure the President that there will be a thousand times more support for the next Chief Executive who wishes to stand up against war than it was possible to give to Woodrow Wilson in 1917. The development of the peace societies and such bodies as the Council of Foreign Relations, the Foreign Policy Association, and the like, and the great expansion of instruction in foreign affairs in all our colleges make it certain that it will not be so easy to deceive the American people another time and that multitudes will have an intelligent opinion about what is going on where there were only handfuls before. They will certainly be ready to do their share in the struggle which will be waged to capture the President. That is the picture which Mr. Roosevelt's remarks visualized—the President being beset on one side by the war profiteers and on the other by peace lovers. Unfortunately, the President himself has done more than any other occupant of the White House to create a third and most dangerous factor, a huge army and navy lobby, a war-boosting machine such as we did not have in 1917. And I have no doubt he will continue to strengthen those forces, part of which would so eagerly support any movement for a totalitarian, all-military state.

Nevertheless, I get a genuine thrill when I read these latest words of the President:

> I wish I could keep war from all nations; but that is beyond my power. I can at least make certain that no act of the United States helps to produce or to promote war. I can at least make clear that the conscience of America revolts against war and that any nation which provokes war forfeits the sympathy of the people of the United States.

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BROUN'S PAGE

"WHAT makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" so runs the ancient riddle. But instead of the familiar "Two pigs," the answer now might much better be, "One Hearst under a strike." When William Randolph Hearst was sailing for Europe he was repeatedly questioned by newspapermen as to his attitude toward the guild. The great Mr. Hearst smiled indulgently and replied that he would discuss nothing except "matters of general interest." And now suddenly the guild finds itself all over the first page of all the Hearst papers. It has become "a menace" and "mob rule." The Hearst management is bringing thugs to Seattle and organizing a "Law and Order League." "The freedom of the press" has been called in from the bullpen to go to work once more after only one day's rest. And *Editor and Publisher* blandly suggests that members of the Newspaper Guild be blacklisted.

Of course, the answer to all this is that the *Post-Intelligencer* has been shut down. Mr. Hearst would have the public believe that the strike came suddenly and wholly at the behest of David Beck, the able and vigorous vice-president of the teamsters. Daniel Tobin, international president of the union, and David Beck have unquestionably given staunch support to the strike, but Mr. Hearst knows as well as I do that very small concessions on his part would have averted the Seattle strike and settled the one in Milwaukee. Not only has he refused to budge an inch, but he has also refused to give a second of his time to any guild discussion. The guild has asked very little, and it has been ready at times to accept mediation.

The Hearst attitude from the beginning has been, "Nothing to discuss." At least that is what it has amounted to. I know what I am talking about because last April, after repeated telegrams, I finally got a reply from Joe Willecombe, Mr. Hearst's secretary. I had asked for an opportunity to talk to Mr. Hearst, if only for five minutes, about the Milwaukee strike. In order to make this easy for him I added that if he chose he could regard the conference as purely informal and not constituting any recognition of the guild. I offered to fly out to California. Mr. Willecombe replied politely and promptly that Mr. Hearst would be delighted to see me but that he was starting east immediately and the meeting could be held in New York.

Weeks went by before Mr. Hearst came east. When I called up Mr. Willecombe to remind him of the appointment, he told me that Mr. Hearst was very busy but that if I were patient I could surely see him since he planned to be in New York a month. Four days later Hearst sailed for Europe.

During the waiting period I ran by chance into William Randolph Hearst, Jr., who said he did not think that there was any reason why his father should see me. He said that since I did not come with the purpose or the power to suggest an immediate settlement a meeting would be a waste of time. I immediately got in touch with other national officers and with the Milwaukee strikers, and we drew up a one-page memorandum outlining the basis on which the strike on the *Wisconsin News* could be settled. It was a modest document. Indeed, it was the same as the formula which had been agreed upon by both the management and the Milwaukee strike committee in early April. That agreement would have gone through except for Mr. Hearst's last-minute veto.

To some extent the Lord of San Simeon simply doesn't see the picture. The New York *American* reprints with relish an article from the *Sun* which describes the strikers as made up in part of "six office boys, eight cub reporters, and what I would call the small fry of the office." Mr. Hearst is always fond of referring to himself as the most generous employer in the world. But his generosity has never extended to the small fry. The fact that Hearst and a few others have given huge salaries to a small number of specialists merely underlines and accentuates the fact that the craft in general is hideously underpaid.

Perhaps Mr. Hearst's vast indignation at the Seattle situation is understandable. All his life he has been bamboozling and exploiting the small fry, and it is startling to him when they strike back. He has not yet learned what they are learning. Small fry are no longer small when they begin to organize. They take on purpose and power. One office boy may be less than the dust beneath Hearst's chariot, but a thousand office boys can say, "Here is our proposition. Take it or leave it."

If any violence occurs in Seattle, it will be well to look for the source in advance. Mayor Dore has been excoriated in the Hearst press as one who has betrayed law and order. But this outcry seems to be based upon the fact that in a recent speech he said, "As long as I am mayor of this city I shall never permit a member of the police department to throw gas bombs at workers or to beat them over the head." To me that would seem a very orderly remark upon the part of an official intent on keeping Seattle from the bloodshed known in other cities when police have undertaken to break strikes and interfere with union men in peaceful picketing. But this is a peace which passes the understanding of Mr. Hearst, and his henchmen are busy trying to organize a "Law and Order League." Its function undoubtedly would be the same as that of other employer-recruited organizations which mushroom up while strikes are being held. First of all, the law-and-orderites will raise the red scare, and with that thrown into the picture this vigilante group will try to get away with strong-arm methods. A propaganda base is being laid already. When an armed thug attacks a striker, we shall be told that he is a righteous householder driven to desperation by the infringement of the freedom of the press. Almost any day now we shall be hearing that since the Hearst paper suspended, the babies can't get their milk.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WE STILL LOVE HORACE

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

THERE are still people who read Horace. There must be many of them; else the shrewd managers of the Modern Library would hardly have undertaken to bring out a translation of the complete works.* The volume is edited, with competence and good taste, by Professor Caspar J. Kraemer of New York University. The Satires are translated in an informal prose by Hubert Wetmore Wells; for the Epodes, here called Refrains, I do not know why, and for the Odes and Epistles the editor has made an anthology of the better translations in verse from John Dryden and Samuel Johnson down to Austin Dobson and Louis Untermeyer. A Latinist lover of Horace will have frequent moments of anguish over the contrast between the deftest of Latin and the English, inevitably thick-fingered. The Satires, however, come through satisfactorily in prose. After all, Horace himself refused to regard them as anything but metrical prose. The meter could be broken up, the word order changed, and yet these pieces would convey the essential meaning of the author. Not so with real poetry. Dissolve the order and meter, says Horace, and you will find in the heap of separate items also the *disjecti membra poetae,* the bloody limbs of the dismembered poet. There are plenty of bleeding shreds of the unhappy poet in even the best of these poetic translations of Horace.

Latinists are almost extinct, and most of the readers of the Modern Library will take the translated work as they find it, not often important artistically or philosophically, occasionally trivial and even dull, but on the whole smooth reading and entertaining. Anyone who found the book on a guest-room shelf, wedged in between a stray volume of Proust, a four-year-old revelation of the truth about Russia, and other flotsam and jetsam of the literary backwash, would pick up this Horace with hope, and browse in it with a not too languid interest, pending the victory of sleep. But books do not sell in response to guest-room demands. There must be real Horatians, in this generation as in every generation for the last two thousand years.

There is nothing strange in the fact that Horatians survived in the medieval monasteries, where pleasant secular books were rare; through the Renaissance with its cult of classical taste; in Oxford and Cambridge, begotten of the ancients and born old. It is not very strange that Horatians were scattered thinly over the United States in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, when higher education was classic and the old graduate could renew his youth by taking down his dog-eared text of Horace, as now he renews his youth by yelling himself hoarse at a football game. Today Horace is not an important part of anyone's college reminiscences. He is no longer in any sense a literary compulsion. And yet there are people who read him, not exactly with enthusiasm perhaps, but with a quiet delight.

Not many lovers of Horace will be found among the youth of today. When young men really knew Latin some of them were carried off their feet by the incredible skill with which Horace molded stiff and unimaginative Latin into the smoothest of light verse. This excitement cannot be experienced by the reader of a translation, even if the translation is attended by a well-meant attack upon the original. If men read Horace today it is for the substance, not the form. And it seems to be agreed among modern critics that the substance of Horace is little or nothing.

Much talk about the golden mean, avoidance of extremes, with telling and often amusing examples. Much talk about the uncertainty and brevity of life; therefore eat, drink, and be merry. The lunacy of heaping up wealth after one already has more than enough. The gnawing misery of ambition. Distorted values: why have an expensive peacock on the table when you can't roast the plumes, while chicken tastes quite as good? Why aim at a mistress descended from a great dictator when a slave girl's embraces are as sweet and rewarding, with no chance that the moment of bliss will be broken in upon by the barking of dogs; the confidential maid bursting into the room crying, "We are ruined, ruined, ruined"; the night watch and two fire departments clattering up; drawn swords, search and seizure, screams and protestations heard through the chinks of the linen closet, where one lies doubled up, neck gradually breaking. And yet the lady descendant of the great dictator, if truth must be told, is awfully bony. It just doesn't make sense, according to Horace.

There is of course some concession to the outmoded politics of the time. Augustus, an intellectual Mussolini with a sense of humor, expected a bit of propaganda from his poets. He expected them to impute to him credit for everything done by his valiant generals all around the rim of the empire. He expected them at least to allude to the useful political myth that the Julii were descended straight from Iulus, grandson of Venus herself, strong issue of a weak moment. More practically, he had his poets, both Vergil and Horace, reassure the realtors of Rome that there was nothing in the persistent rumor that the house of Caesar meant eventually to transfer the seat of imperial government to the Bosporus, where it really belonged. That whole region was for poetic-real-estate

*"The Complete Works of Horace." Edited, with an Introduction, by Caspar J. Kraemer, Jr. The Modern Library. 95 cents.

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purposes, Ilion itself, cursed by Juno on account of the fateful apple and the wrong of Paris to her beauty. It is irrelevant to note that when half of the government was moved to Byzantium the empire went to the devil. But the realtors who killed Caesar had cashed in before that.

There is not a scintilla of social sense in Horace, and that ought to bar him in our socially sensible age. He is not a reformer, even in his most unguarded moment. He accepts the existing situation: the immensely powerful and rich children of fortune, the masses of middle station like himself, taking delight in shopping around at the vegetable stands, beating down the price of a mess of green beans or a head of cabbage, drinking home-made wine of no repute and feeling glorious for all that. Horace accepts slavery and finds it beautifully convenient, especially when he wants a shapely fan dancer for a party, with wine and good conversation. He is against crucifixion as a means of disciplining a slave for surreptitiously swallowing goodies. That manifests a lack of proportion. What can you think up more adequate for the slave who murders your mother, or even tries to murder you? But a slave is a man for all that, able to bandy Horatian moralities until the poet, enraged by the success of the counterfeit, cries out, "Get me a stone! Get me a dart." And the slave calmly remarks, "Either you've gone crazy or you are talking poetry."

Nor is there any real lift in the writings of Horace. Even when he handles heroic subjects, there is always a lurking smile. He is politely deferential to great achievements, but it is the deference of a well-bred man to a religion in which he does not believe. "Come, though it's your office hour, and drink with me in the cool shade: what if the Dacians are on the war path beyond the Danube?" True, he seems once to boast. He had erected a monument more enduring than bronze, a monument that would outlast the Pyramids. But what was it? He had made solemn Latin trip gaily to the dancing meters of Greek poetry.

To return to the inquiry, why does anyone today read Horace? Why will they read him two thousand years hence when the total profit of our deepest present-day literature has gone into the scant bellies of thin and jointed library worms? Because life is Horatian and will always be, a thing of small moment and brief duration, of fleeting joys and repeated defeats. For ten who set out in any race but one will win. And since winning one race is only the entrance to the next higher race, where one in ten will win, we are all, practically all, losers. But still the sun shines for us, the waves play, the fountain sings with soft melody, "Today is today, and if you are wise, today is sweet: tomorrow levels all things." Still the flowers bloom and the laughter of girls in the hidden angle of the wall is delicious upon the night air. Still in our real hearts we don't give a hoot for the social sense, but dwell painfully upon our own defeated selves, which may, however, be made victorious by virtue of a mug of Falernian and a ripe morality. Therefore we shall forever love Horace.

But "we" is masculine. No woman ever loved Horace. For they are by nature victorious.

Portrait

BY GRACE A. TIMMERMAN MILLER

Strong intellect and spirit gave his face
Distinction that defied mulatto skin.
Gay youth and gallantry, with saving grace
Of character and purpose glowed within
His deep reflective eyes that almost seemed
A white man's. Notably a look was there
Of conscious power, by reticence redeemed;
His bearing was discreet, though debonair.
So young, so fine, it seemed he might forget
His disadvantage in a world of men
Where barriers mark racial caste—and yet
He did not, for one saw him now and then
Draw in a heavy lip, as if to hide
A feature that he could not wear with pride.

BOOKS

Stepping-Stones of Destiny

PACIFIC ADVENTURE. By Willard Price. Reynal and Hitchcock. A John Day Book. $3.

IF HISTORIANS of some future generation are required to list neatly the fables and idiocies serving as prelude to a great Japanese-American war, they will certainly include the 2,550 islands, islets, and coral reefs of Micronesia. They will find the ground, if not the islands, well worked.

Diehard American editors have described them as an encircling ring of yellow peril about to choke the Philippine Islands while the lingering memories of American democracy and altruism grow cold in the ungrateful Filipino breast. Excitable naval lieutenants in Tokyo have strung their still barren rocks into another "life-line for Japan," matching to the south the "national destiny" which drew their army cousins into Manchuria. European statesmen, a little grimly, calendar the alleged fortifications on the islands for annual discussion at meetings of the Mandates Commission and take care to freshen up at intervals the old suspicions.

For most of us Manchuria was a sun-baked plain, beyond which was only the silent wilderness of Mongolia and Siberia. But the South Sea Islands are the gateway to the glamor of the East. They are the world of Joseph Conrad and Robert Louis Stevenson. In Yap, where a cable station caused in 1920 the first round of the shadow boxing about the islands between Japan and the United States, the headline writers have had a gift direct from heaven.

And, finally, there are so many of them. It required four months for Mr. Price, thirty-eight days on board ship, to make the round of the most important of them. The larger ones he saw. His book is an account of what they looked like, of what the Japanese are doing to them, and of the importance they may come to have in the struggle for mastery of the Pacific. He was the first American to set foot on many of the islands, and his earlier acquaintance with Japan had given him two assets indispensable to the kind of quick, not too profound, and useful reporting he has done. The first

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is an ability to guess shrewdly the possible meanings of anything a Japanese official may say or do. The second is a polite but firm refusal to accept the official's own explanation.

In Tokyo and on Palau, the capital island, for example, he was treated with the same curious mixture of oblique courtesy and suspicious indirection that all reporters working in Japan or Japanese colonies have come to expect. Yet his findings, reported with considerable care, completely check all the credible reports that have been made in recent years by foreigners. He found, Mr. Price says, no evidence of any fortifications, prohibited when the islands, formerly German, were placed under Japanese mandate. He is convinced, on what seem to be ample grounds, that this provision of the mandate has been scrupulously carried out.

Building he saw, commercial ports equipped to load the islands' sugar and copra and tapioca into Japanese ships, tin-roofed houses on stilts to wean the Kanaka from his South Sea charm and his tuberculosis, impressive highways piercing the jungle to settlements which exist only in the plans of the Japanese colonial administrators. And Japanese he saw everywhere, 52,000 of them with health and a high birth-rate to 50,000 natives for whom racial survival outside of a museum is still a nip-and-tuck question.

It is this economic exploitation, according to Mr. Price, and the strategic importance of the islands as an extension of the Japanese screen across the Pacific which begins with the Kurile Islands and stretches through the islands of Japan itself to below the Equator, which justifies calling them the stepping-stones of destiny in the Pacific. As counter to America's new thrust across the Pacific by air, Mr. Price reports, the Japanese are prepared to build a breakwater across the face of Asia as an impregnable defense for their lusty, growing empire.

"Cooperation between airplanes and a battle fleet protected by the harbors and hills of 2,550 islands and islets would give pause to the world's two greatest fleets combined," he writes. Fortifications can be built quickly when they are needed. "In the meantime, Japan, impelled by the surge of her population and the life-and-death necessity of export markets, talks too of 'crisis' and looks southward."

Japanese empire builders have not set too high a standard in recent years for economic foresight. But it may be doubted whether even the most ardent expansionists in Japan have any real hopes of settling their surplus population under the cocoanut trees of Micronesia. Of the 52,000 Japanese now living there, 60 per cent simply moved from the Loochoo Islands, where an earlier emigration project bred mouths faster than it created purchasing power with which to fill them. Saipan, center of the sugar industry, alone accounts for 40,000 of them. In 1935 the increase was only 12,000.

Nor is it probable that the great export houses of Tokyo and Osaka expect to strengthen Japan's trade balance either through the canned sardines and cotton loin cloths which the islanders buy or through any more distant trade for which these romantic islands could serve as shield. The explanation may rather be that there are still quick profits to be made from colonies, not by their governments but by the shrewder traders who operate behind the still serviceable front of an appeal to national destiny and imperial greatness.

Whatever the reasons for it, the issues sharpened by this new development of Japanese expansion in the Pacific remain the same. Patriots of race and nation in the United States have bent flimsier material than this to serve their ends. The Japanese menace will loom larger as facts reported in Mr. Price's story of his trip are repeated and distorted. Nor has the issue changed, as he makes abundantly clear, for the Micronesians. The best future for which the Kanakas can hope, he concludes, is absorption. For many of them, still unhonored by the anthropologists, there will be no record except Mr. Price's book, his excellent photographs, and the big round stones they use for money.

JOSEPH BARNES

Booby Prize

I AM THE FOX. By Winifred Van Etten. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

TO PREACH sermons with prize novels for their text is not, I confess, very original, but when your moral sense is aroused it is difficult not to preach, and when a book is distinguished for nothing else but winning a prize it is difficult not to dwell on that lone distinction. This 1936 winner of the Atlantic $10,000 award seems to me just facile and plausible enough to be inordinately bad: a really superficial handling of things made worse by symptoms of pretentiousness, an elementary knowledge of story-telling confused by a desire to be fancy. In slickness it falls far short of the best models in its particular field: it reads like Dorothy Thomas on her worst off day or like one of those many novels which Phil Stong, prior to publishing "State Fair," is reported to have torn up.

"I Am the Fox" concerns Selma (I almost wrote Shirley) Temple, an Iowa girl, and certain experiences which befell her and her neighbors; experiences so memorable that when the man she loved proposed to her they reverted to her mind and made her hesitate. The man, in that moment, became a huntsman and she a fox. Many women, I agree, might hesitate at such a moment; many of them might be flooded with memories—so many, in fact, that the point is hardly worth dwelling on. Neither is the half-sentimental, half-hysterical identification with the fox. All that, far from striking us as a psychological revelation, is no more than the merest convention, only worth employing if the past events and emotions are themselves really significant. This novel fails utterly because they aren't, because they are unimpressive, unevocative, almost ungermane. Proust in Iowa turns out to be some neat little shavings about a trip in a trailer, a repulsive soda-jerker, a middle-aged school teacher rushed off her feet and then dropped, two marital collisions having very little to do with Selma, and two men having not much more. That the vaguely defined but definitely priggish Selma should conceive of herself on such lean pickings as a harried fox, is decidedly grandiose; and Miss Van Etten might have saved the situation by using Selma as a figure for comedy. But Miss Van Etten's conception of Selma was exactly as grandiose, and there can be no question that she meant all this commonplace folklore to be thought of as highly upsetting drama.

How could any such book as this, whose only good point is that it is thoroughly readable, have won a prize? It is indeed a rhetorical question; we all know the answer. This kind of thing wins almost all the prizes: it is so satisfactorily safe. It is never more romantic than when running full-on into a "realistic" situation, it is slick in its very amateurishness, it is bold and modern in the way that the movies have become bold and modern; and for those who have heard tell of Virginia Woolf, there are some passages in italics which signify the Present and which sound about as natural as ventriloquism. As for style, in the midst of a colloquial passage this emerges: "Then spoke up a girl who had

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hitherto remained silent." As for endings, this closes on a note of tantalizing interrogation.

On second thought I won't preach a sermon, for I am in a mood of *aut Savonarola aut nullus*. I will only add, speaking of Atlantic $10,000 prizes, that in 1930 "no novel met the standards set by the judges and no award was made." Since then, I gather either new standards have been introduced, or new judges. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Property and the Middle Class

THE RESTORATION OF PROPERTY. By Hilaire Belloc. Sheed and Ward. $1.50.

THE MIDDLE CLASSES THEN AND NOW. By Franklin C. Palm. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

HILAIRE BELLOC'S advocacy of the "proprietary state" (based on widespread ownership of productive property) was always tied up with a great deal of obscurantism, especially with romantic-Catholic glorification of the Middle Ages and wistful yearning for a revival of their values and ideals. The obscurantism in the present book is, however, subordinate to a discussion of concrete proposals for the restoration of property. It is a significant discussion, for it shows the hopelessness of that restoration; and it should be an answer to the small group of American "agrarian" intellectuals who are under Belloc's influence.

Belloc admits the desperation of his position; he admits that it is too late to restore ownership of productive property on any considerable scale, and merely hopes that *some* restoration *may* be possible. "It is too late," he declares, "to reinfuse property by design; and our effort must everywhere be particular, local, and, in its origins at least, small." That declaration is amplified by the admission that "no restoration of property could be universal," the only possibility is a limited restoration "sufficient to determine the tone of society." But of what value would that "tone" be to the people, the great majority, who would still be deprived of property?

The first plank in the program for the restoration of property, an increase in the number of small farmers, storekeepers, and artisans, is admitted by Belloc himself to be of limited applicability in the modern world, especially in the case of artisans. The limited character of the proposal appears clearly in the United States. There are today not more than 6,500,000 independent farmers, owners of small enterprises of all types, and self-employed professionals (excluding about 2,000,000 small stockholders who are not owners of independent productive property). The "restoration" of property might add to that number 2,500,000 farmers who are now tenants, 500,000 small storekeepers (assuming the break-up of chain and department stores), and perhaps 500,000 professionals; 100,000 more might be added if manufacturing plants now under combined corporate ownership were segregated and placed under individual ownership; and, to be generous, another 400,000 in other fields of economic enterprise. That "restoration" would be savagely resisted by the vested interests, but assume the resistance broken, what then? Owners of independent productive property would have been increased by 4,000,000, making the total 10,500,000; there are, however, 52,000,000 persons gainfully occupied, most of whom would still be propertyless dependents on the property of a small minority and, consequently, deprived of the liberty which Hilaire Belloc identifies with property.

Since it is impossible to restore property under modern conditions, Belloc desperately includes in his program two proposals that are not a restoration of property; for by property he means individual ownership of the means of production, the ownership of one's own independent means of livelihood. One proposal is to multiply small stockholders "in enterprises necessarily large." But those stockholders would not be individual owners of productive property; they would still be dependent on jobs, and experience shows that it is futile to expect any great diffusion of corporate ownership. (There were never, in the pre-1929 American prosperity, more than 5,000,000 stockholders out of 48,000,000 persons gainfully occupied.) The other proposal is that large enterprises should be owned by guilds or the state, preferably the former. But that, again, is not independent individual ownership of means of production and of livelihood; it is collective ownership, a revival of the petty-bourgeois socialism urged repeatedly—and unsuccessfully—by middle-class radicals for one hundred years. Futility piled on desperation!

Nor is Hilaire Belloc consistent. He rejects socialism and communism because they would mean bureaucracy, yet he admits that his own proposals cannot "be undertaken or continued without the use of state power . . . we shall have to extend, for the moment, bureaucratic action."

All Belloc hopes for is some slight increase of the middle class, "the spokesman for property." But that class has been waging a losing struggle for survival, as appears in Franklin C. Palm's "The Middle Classes." The facts and conclusion of that struggle are not driven home, but they are there in the material. This material is of the utmost factual interest, and some of it is not elsewhere easily available. The book starts with a brief sketch of the ancient "bourgeoisie"—without, however, sufficiently differentiating it from the modern capitalist variety—and traces the development of the new bourgeoisie, which arose in the twilight of European feudalism, from the early struggles in Italy and Holland through the English and French revolutions, up to the present. But while the factual material is always interesting, it is informed with no real historical or theoretical understanding of the forces involved. At times Palm uses the term "middle class" to designate the whole bourgeoisie, at other times to designate only that "certain section" which is the petty bourgeoisie or middle class. Hence, while the material makes clear the antagonism between the big bourgeoisie and the middle class, the importance of that antagonism is not indicated in terms of the middle-class struggle for survival. Nor is it indicated in terms of political theory and ideology; as, for example, in the difference between the liberalism of the big bourgeoisie and the democracy of the middle class. In addition, unfortunately, there are many historical errors and slipshod generalizations, some of them contradicted by facts in the book itself.

More important, however, is the confusion about the "new" middle class. Palm says that Karl Marx showed that the Industrial Revolution had created a new middle class, the petty bourgeoisie, which is nonsense, as Marx recognized the much earlier existence of a petty bourgeoisie. The new middle class is confused with the old, for Palm's definition of the former makes it include owners of independent enterprises, salaried employees, and professionals. Then Palm completes the circle of confusion by denying there is any new middle class, because, he argues, salaried employees and professionals have been "one of the mainstays of the middle classes for centuries." But they were formerly a small minority in the middle class, whose majority was composed of owners of independent enterprises; the increase in their numbers (they are now three times more numerous than those engaged on their own enter-

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prises) and the changes in their social-economic status entitle salaried employees and professionals to be called a new middle class. Most important—and there is no recognition of this in Mr. Palm's book—is the fact that the masses of lower-salaried employees and professionals are economically a new proletariat, their interests identified with those of the working class. Whether or not that condition is recognized and the political and organizational conclusions are implemented in action may prove crucial in the struggle for democracy and socialism against the menace of fascism.

LEWIS COREY

Perverse Romanticism

NO LETTERS FOR THE DEAD. By Gale Wilhelm. Random House. $2.

THE best and worst qualities of Miss Wilhelm's first novel are present in about equal proportions in the second. She feels and communicates emotion, but the emotion is imputed to the tenuously realized creatures of a perverse modern romanticism. Miss Wilhelm derived so many thrills from positing the most exquisite woman she was able to conceive as a prostitute that she neglected to make the titillating story credible. A cultivated sensitive woman might conceivably support herself by frequenting low drinking places to entice two-dollar-a-night customers, but the story of just how she could bring herself to such a step would be a story in itself, and Miss Wilhelm fails to tell it.

Koni and Paula are unmarried lovers living in New York, and Koni journeys to California to beg his wife to divorce him. On the same day that Paula sees her three-year-old son die, she learns that Koni's wife has killed herself, with Koni the only witness. Koni is sentenced to San Quentin for a number of years on the vague ground that he might have prevented Georgia from killing herself. To be near him, to breathe the same air and look at the same sunsets, Paula goes out to San Francisco, traveling in a private compartment purchased for her by Ralph, a devoted friend of hers and Koni's. She is a pianist with excellent recommendations, but fails to find any kind of work and exhausts her savings in the search. Therefore she lives by offering her body to chance buyers. That this solution of the problem of food was not the only possible one, particularly in view of Ralph, neither Paula nor her creator seems to have considered. Why let dry things like logic and reason interfere with a step so exquisitely harrowing to a sensitive soul? In alternate paragraphs we follow Paula's nightly essays in disgust and read her love letters to Koni in prison, until a wealthy purchaser buys her with the sinister words, "A man who can pay for what he wants can ask for anything in the world." And behold, the sinister man of wealth sets her up in a beautiful apartment with a beautiful view, a perfect servant, and so much money that she can make a little nest egg to take Koni on a voyage when at last he shall be released. She lives in poignant expectation of that event, constantly striving for identification with Koni, who is killed a few days before his release in a scrimmage attendant on a jail break.

Miss Wilhelm knows love and suffering. She has been deeply moved by beauty and can paint quick glimpses of lovely things she has seen. "San Francisco grew steep and gray out of thin lavender haze. Gradually the water was

SEX TECHNIQUE in MARRIAGE

By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London
Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.
Former Commissioner of Education, N. Y. C.

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patched with moving sunlight and gulls hung white and motionless in the air like painted birds." This is delightful, but several hundred other young writers can do as well. Miss Wilhelm has pushed her way out of the struggling mass solely because of the nature of the themes she has treated in her two books. Her selection of the first might be imputed either to an eye on the box-office or to brave candor. The second is completely meretricious. ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Amateurs of Jazz

HOT JAZZ: THE GUIDE TO SWING MUSIC. By Hugues Panassié. Translated by Lyle and Eleanor Dowling. M. Witmark and Sons. $5.

THE scene is never without its subject of confused conversation and ignorant journalism; and at the moment the subject is the hot jazz that was discussed in a recent Records column of this magazine (hot jazz is, among other things, the jazz with "swing"; and "swing," it turns out, is not to be defined, but only to be recognized). To the present fad we owe the American publication of Panassié's book—and its exorbitant price; but the book itself we owe to the author's understanding and love of the music.

At present the record companies are not only issuing anything and everything as "swing classics" but ransacking their files for records of the genuine classics; not so long ago, however, these old records were being cut from the catalogues and the masters destroyed for lack of sufficient sales. In that period they were bought and cherished only by a small number of people here and abroad—the people now organized in Hot Clubs, whose interest in this music is fanatical and whose reactions to it are astonishing. They can recognize every player by subtle characteristics of his playing style; from such characteristics they can tell when a record was made: he played this way early in 1931, before he had heard another player for the first time, and that way a few months later, under the influence of the other player; they listen with an intensity, a visible sensitiveness to the player's slightest inflection, that one does not observe in Carnegie Hall.

Their reaction, in fact, is excessive for what they are reacting to; and excess characterizes their entire attitude toward the music. W. J. Turner says of the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" that "to hear it is as though one had been present at a miracle and had seen a mountain of matter blown into a transparent bubble and float vanishing into the sky"; and later he observes that the Overture to "The Magic Flute" is a greater work only because "more matter has been involved in the operation; it was a bigger and more difficult bubble to blow." But even the best-equipped of the commentators on hot jazz—and I am thinking now of those who are sensitive to Mozart as well as to Louis Armstrong, of a man like Panassié—fail to realize that the best jazz player blows exquisite bubbles which are considerably smaller than Mozart's. Not only do they react visibly to jazz as no one reacts to Mozart, but they indulge in critical extravagance—like crediting Szigeti with qualities approximating those of the best Negro jazz players, or saying, as Panassié does, that "Louis Armstrong is not only a genius in his own art, but is one of the most extraordinary creative geniuses that all music has ever known."

Only occasionally, however, does Panassié disturb one with this sort of thing. Most of the time one is impressed not only by his authority and taste, but by sobriety, dignity, and unpretentiousness that are exceptional in this field of criticism. He discusses the characteristics of the hot style, describes the styles of the best players, devotes a chapter to the principal orchestras, another to the men who create arrangements of tunes for the orchestras, and one to the unique relation between the creative talent of Duke Ellington and the playing styles of the members of his orchestra. He illustrates constantly with references to records; at the end he gives a list of records on which the best performances of the players can be heard. And he does all this in a way that convinces one of the worth and importance of the music he is writing about, and makes one eager to hear it—which is what such a book should do.

B. H. HAGGIN

From the Underground in Germany

FIRES UNDERGROUND. By Heinz Liepmann. Translated by R. T. Clark. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

HEINZ LIEPMANN is not a member of the great guild of successful writers who dig into the past in order to escape the present—those men of skill without convictions but with royalties and pleasant country places who write biographies of queens and kings, of medieval popes and reformers. Heinz Liepmann, on the day when Hitler came into power, had neither name nor real success. Until that day he had been primarily interested in the human soul. He knew nothing about social forces, about the masses, about the sources of contradictions in modern society. Even a few months ago when I saw him last, in a small room of a little hotel on Broadway (he was in this country to lecture against fascism and to collect money for the underground movement in Germany), he was full of reservations. He was fighting a political fight, but he did not want to be a politician. He is no Communist, no Socialist, no democrat. He is just a human being, and by this frequently misused term I mean a moral personality. And so on the day Hitler came to power he left his poet's garret in Hamburg to become an active member of the underground movement. He endured all the hardships an underground worker has to endure under a dictatorship. He was caught, beaten, and seriously injured, but he escaped, was taken on an American oil tanker, and managed to reach France. Now he is living in exile in England.

Of his personal sufferings you will find no word in this book. "Fires Underground" describes the organization of the underground movement of the Communists and Socialists in Hamburg from the very beginning. Liepmann does not invent. He gives a detailed account of the ways and means by which the anti-fascists built up an organization despite a cruel terror, treachery, lack of funds, and the weaknesses only too likely to be betrayed by human beings living constantly on the threshold of death. His story is true; he does not dramatize it. There is no romantic red-flag waving; there is only reality. As the hero Otto, the leader of the movement, says to an American journalist:

> You and your friend aren't Communists; you are correspondents of bourgeois papers, but you try to be objective. Publicly and privately you hear only what your opponents think. I won't try to convince you and convert you to communism. But we want decent opponents. What I want is to show the English and the Americans that we aren't "organized banditry" but ordinary decent people like yourselves. We've got wives and families; we are poor or not so poor; we have colds just

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like you, and some of us wear spectacles and some don't. We aren't superhuman; we aren't subhuman. We are men with a belief. What I would like is to see the Americans and the English treat us not as bogies to scare the bourgeois, but as people who represent a new revelation. We do differ from you in that we dream of a definite happier future for our children. We'll never attain it, but our children will, and so will the children of our enemies. That's why we are ready to suffer. Fight us if you will, but respect us, really respect us.

There are in the first part of the book chapters which are too sparse for the average reader, who always looks for the unexpected and for more than there is. But his patience will be rewarded later on. The betrayal of the underground leader by his own wife, who loves him dearly, and his capture make great copy. The description of the first May Day under Hitler is the best description I know of in the whole literature.

This book is by no means a work of art. Its composition is hasty. The background of the leading characters is sketchy. But it is an honest attempt to write contemporary history. It is more, for all its shortcomings do not count against the great moral passion which animates it.

After eleven months in a concentration camp a friend of mine escaped abroad. After he had been eight days in freedom he shot himself. He left a note for us to say he had not realized that the outside world was so indifferent—that ministers, men of honor, human beings shake hands with bloody murderers.

I recommend this book, especially to all those editors of the daily press who are responsible for the presentation of the news from Germany, Italy, and Spain.

FRANZ HÖLLERING

A Topical Novel

GREEN GATES. By R. C. Sherriff. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THE value of Mr. Sherriff's novel is an incidental value and one removed, properly, from the sphere to which literary criticism is restricted. It is that of subject matter: the predicament arising at a man's retirement from business on a small pension. Thomas Baldwin, retired at fifty-eight after forty-one years' service in a London insurance house, thinks he can remain active and interested where others have failed; the first hundred pages present a circumstantial account of the way in which he fails also, variously and miserably, disrupting as well the orderly, long-accustomed lives of his wife, Edith, and their old servant. The problem is, as usual, briefly stated ("A brain that has been hungrily aware of life for sixty years is stored to its capacity: a man . . . cannot clear it out and fill it with new stock of a different shape and size. The old fittings are simply not made to take them . . ."), but in its conscientious chronicling, incident by incident, it attains a disturbing fulness and significance. Here again is a form of ritual, contemporary stultifying specialization, transforming the modes of action beyond the power of animal will to alter or to renew. These early pages may be read with profit for substance alone, much as a newspaper account is read, as a document of despair.

The rest of the book is sentimental and tedious elaboration. There are no characters—Mr. Sherriff is apparently interested here only in typical action and response—and no "fundamental values of human happiness," as the publishers hope; there are only careless, incorrect writing and banal optimism. Some appalling rhetoric at the point when the Baldwins leave their old house for the varnished dream "Greengates" is particularly surprising from the author of the concise, unsentimental "Journey's End."

JOHN MCALPIN BERRYMAN

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A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks

By AKSEL SANDEMOSE

A Borzoi Book published by Alfred A. Knopf

Panorama below Potomac

THE SOUTH LOOKS AT ITS PAST. By B. B. Kendrick and A. M. Arnett. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

THE later portions of this book, dealing with the recent South, are objective and illuminating, with much to contribute even to the most acquainted reader. The earlier part often sounds like an apology for the South. The authors strongly tend to discountenance the designation "poor whites" as applying to a very numerous class in the Old South, and try to build up a case for the presence and influence of "yeomen." This is familiar allegation, but, as often before, the proof is rather lacking. Indeed, Professors Kendrick and Arnett go on, in later portions of the book, to take for granted huge masses of poor whites whose existence they earlier denied. Thus: "The labor supply for the textile mills [post-bellum, of course] was drawn almost entirely from the poorest class of whites; mainly the landless, drifting 'croppers' and hangers-on, with a few of the marginal and submarginal proprietor-farmer type." They proceed, not very convincingly, to qualify this admission, but at other times they speak of the large class of "farm tenants and croppers, little better than peons in 'normal' times, hard-hit by the depression, . . ." and they reflect, with reference to recent governmental policy, that "subsistence farmers . . . would be better off than millions of croppers have been for two generations." How should there be fewer poor whites under slavery than since?

The Negroes, as such, are strangely omitted from discussion. When these authors speak of "the Southern way of life" they are thinking only of the white way of life, and at that of the planter-class way of life. The book tends to lead away from the truth that the fundamental fact in the Old South (and in the new!) is chattel slavery. Nothing is said of the recently invented cotton picker, or of the likelihood that this machine constitutes truly "the impending crisis of the South."

BROADUS MITCHELL

Queen Victoria

VICTORIA OF ENGLAND. By Edith Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $3.50.

MISS SITWELL disarms criticism by announcing that she is deeply indebted to practically everyone who has written on Queen Victoria and her times; and so indeed she is. She is indebted to Messrs. Strachey, Benson, Housman, Fulford, Hardie, to the Letters and Journals of the Queen, to numerous other Memoirs and Letters, to Friedrich Engels's "Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844," and to a whole library of biographies, social histories, and the like. Industriously she has culled what is best and sometimes what is worst in each, so that her book cannot fail to be interesting, and somewhat astonishing in its anthological brilliance and its lack of constructive unity. The Stracheyan style is dominant and certain Stracheyan indulgences are in evidence, such as an intimate knowledge of the Queen's thoughts on crucial occasions, and her vision of her girlhood on her last drive, which is strikingly similar to the famous backward glance on the Stracheyan deathbed. But Miss Sitwell's idiosyncrasies of style and mood also pervade the volume, and are concentrated in a striking technique in the chapter, March Past, in which she dramatizes the woes of England's working classes as Engels portrayed them, marshaling a terrifying pageant of industrial exploitation, disease, and death with that virtuosity formerly

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expended on England's Eccentrics and the quaint and queer superficialities of a bygone day. In another chapter, Fashionable Intelligence, we have the technique applied to the more usual type of material: long lists of diaphanous textiles, pages of enchanting names of cosmetics, a lyric intermezzo of wistful frivolity. Compare these two chapters and you will see why this is a panorama rather than a book, a series of sharply posed and fascinating scenes, chosen for their effectiveness, a remarkable synthesis that is not a blend. The subjects are without any special coherence, the technique's the thing. There are no new insights; there are elaboration and arrangement, the special idiom, and the skilful producer's gift of arresting presentation.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Shorter Notices

FIFTY-FIVE MEN. By Fred Rodell. The Telegraph Press. $2.50.

This little book, the story of the making of the American Constitution for "school children and politicians" is the best popular account of the work of the Founding Fathers which has yet been written. It has all the refreshing charm and deceptive simplicity which characterize the work of the Russian Ilin. The book could hardly be more timely. The Liberty Leaguers have been attempting to revive the Constitution worship of the past for campaign purposes. But Rodell, who is himself a scholar, basing himself upon the work of such pioneers as J. Allen Smith and Charles Beard retells the old story in such a way as to make it beautifully clear that the Founding Fathers were no divinely inspired agents but all too human business men and politicians whose object was to curb the revolutionary excesses of their own time and to fashion a frame of government which should make democratic government impossible while at the same time maintaining its external forms. The very atmosphere in which the Founding Fathers did their work is reproduced with remarkable intimacy from the pages of James Madison's journal of the Constitutional Conventions. It is to be regretted, however, that the realism with which the patristic period itself is treated is not preserved in the sequel. Surprisingly enough Mr. Rodell ends his story by attempting to show how the Constitution in recent decades has been brought "closer and closer to democracy."

WILLIAM SEAGLE

FINLAND: THE NEW NATION. By Agnes Rothery. The Viking Press. $3.

Finland is old, but it did not become a nation until 1919, when the Finns won their freedom after a bloody struggle with Russia and with the "reds" inside their borders. The response of the Finns to their world status is the theme of Agnes Rothery's book. She emphasizes the effect of nationalism on the development of industry, agriculture, forestry, the arts, and all phases of social life. This growth of a national spirit has resulted in remarkable achievements, especially in music, architecture, and athletics by such figures as Sibelius, Saarinen, and Nurmi. That Finland has paid her war debt shows the soundness of her economy. The cooperative movement has curbed the capitalists and prevented monopolies. But nationalism is not all clover, as Miss Rothery might have easily shown by citing the suppression of Communists, and the discrimination against the half-million Swedes living on the south and west coast. The book is full of general information, it is illustrated, and has an index and complete bibliography; yet when we finish reading it, we wonder how much

THE *Nation*

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Two years ago Joseph Wood Krutch, an editor of *The Nation,* wrote a series of articles entitled "Was Europe a Success?" which achieved wide popularity. Since then Mr. Krutch's contributions to *The Nation* have been limited by the pressure of his other activities to dramatic criticism and single articles concerned chiefly with the arts.

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DRAMA

"Innocent Merriment"

ORDINARILY I think of myself as one more than commonly fond of those works which Mr. Sullivan composed in resentful collaboration with Mr. Gilbert. Long ago convinced that they were the best comic operas in the world, I seldom miss an opportunity to see any one of them performed, and I can whistle most of the tunes with reasonable accuracy. If you add that I have read most of the books about the pair and that I can quote as many apt phrases from the libretti as I can from "Hamlet," is it, I ask, any wonder that I should think of myself as a member of the inner circle? But there are moments when I realize that I am, on the contrary, a rank outsider, that there is "a transcendentality of delirium —an acute accentuation of a supremest ecstasy" to which I am a stranger.

One such moment occurred on Thursday evening, September 20, when the D'Oyly Carte company of London began with "The Mikado" a season at the Martin Beck. To those who heard the troupe two years ago I need hardly remark that the performance was very nearly perfect, but I am sure that others beside myself were even more struck by the fact that the audience was absolutely so. It was composed in almost equal proportions of what is commonly called, even at this season of the year, "the ermine-coat trade" and what might with equal propriety be denominated "the feather-boa contingent"—by which I mean those who have not been to the theater except to see Gilbert and Sullivan since 1880. And this audience sat in a rapt attention while plainly manifesting precisely that "transcendentality of delirium" which "the earthy might easily mistake for indigestion" but which "is *not* indigestion —it is aesthetic transfiguration." The overture passed in a silence which the Metropolitan Opera House has never known during the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" or the Good Friday Spell, and the first notes of every renowned passage were greeted with all the eager recognition of a perfect Wagnerite signifying his awareness of a *leitmotif*.

It would take too long to indicate all the qualifications which are requisite to those who aspire to the title of Real Savoyard, but there are two to which I must briefly allude. One must, first of all, possess an absolute familiarity with every note, while, by a power temporarily to suspend familiarity corresponding to the more famous "temporary suspension of unbelief," one must be surprised at any aptness; so that, to take an example, one must be able to gasp with delight when "imperfect ablutioner" rhymes with "Lord High Executioner" exactly as though one did not know that the thing was inevitable. In the second place, one must greet any slight deviation from sacred convention with judiciously reserved approval. Thus when the Mikado asks the whereabouts of his missing son and Ko-Ko, instead of saying "Knightsbridge," as the text provides, says "Jones Beach," one must reserve decision. Gilbert did occasionally permit the modernization of topical allusions, but he was chary of them, and I am sure that the discussion of the point went well into the night. Indeed, I should not wonder if a few lifelong friendships were wrecked upon irreconcilable differences of opinion.

But to return to the performance. I can only say that I shall attend as often as the manager sends me tickets.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Letters to the Editors

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

Dear Sirs: Having looked through the Margaret Mitchell novel, "Gone with the Wind," I turned back to Miss Evelyn Scott's review of it, in your issue of July 4. Her verdict is not entirely favorable, to be sure; but the bad writing and unreal characters are touched on by her in a manner to suggest that they are merely casual blemishes. On the contrary, I think that many *Nation* readers will find that "Gone with the Wind," as a literary performance, is far below the standard usually maintained by your reviewers. In my opinion, plot, characters, and situations are all heavily imbued with cliché, and the writing is correspondingly dull and grubby.

As for content and implications, Miss Scott writes: "The verifiable happenings described eloquently justify [Southern] prejudice." I do not agree. To justify such a piece of roaring Ku Klux Klanism, historically untrue and insulting to the Negroes, an artistic miracle would be necessary. And artistic miracles do not occur in connection with such unholy ideologies. "Gone with the Wind" is already a best-seller and probably no human agency can now keep it from becoming a national calamity. But *The Nation,* in its editorial columns, might well make an effort against it.

F. W. DUPEE

New York, August 15

OUR COCK-EYED PREJUDICE

Dear Sirs: Regarding your animadversions concerning Dr. Frederic S. Fleming and his proposed moratorium on preaching (it was a kind of back-handed compliment you handed out to him and all parsons), it has always puzzled me why you folks on our radical journals have such a cock-eyed prejudice against organized religion and churches. Those of us who take your paper and relish it wonder why this is. Most of the real support for the forward movement in this country comes from ministers and their followers. These ministers may give vent on Sundays to more or less perfervid oratory—though that is dying out rapidly—but most of them write their sermons first and so are really in the same class with you fellows on *The Nation*—with this exception: if you had to read aloud to an audience what some of you write, sometimes you might have to think a little more before you came to your readings.

HARRY M. TAYLOR, Minister,
First Congregational Church

Pittsfield, N. H., August 15

HARD LINES

Dear Sirs: The Nation indorses a recommendation for a two-year moratorium on sermons. I wish it could see its way clear to indorse a recommendation for a moratorium on editorials in *The Nation* during Presidential years. . . .

FRANK D. SLOCUM

Guilford, Conn., August 15

CHALLENGE TO DR. MOULTON

Dear Sirs: Very likely Dr. Moulton flivvered his study, "The Distribution of Wealth," as badly as Mr. Corey says he did, in your issue of August 1. But at least his idea is to get some remedial action that can be carried out within five years instead of the century Mr. Corey would take to "move beyond capitalism." So, before we are all dead, why not give Dr. Moulton a few constructive suggestions and ask him to go about one-third the way back and run through his exercises again?

1. Tell us how large a slice of the 1929 income must be transferred from the wealthy over-savers and whether it is not much less than the depression losses of these same people. Such detailed examination may find the human problem of selfishness and inertia—much more basic than economic technique—to be less formidable than generally feared.

2. Once the scope of the job is thus defined, give some real study to taxation and wage increases as methods of making the transfer. The normal tax bill—federal, state, and municipal—probably exceeds the amount Dr. Moulton wants to transfer—no new spending projects are necessary. And as to wages: conceding, with mental reservations, that only organized workers can get increases, consider whether such spendings on consumers' goods will not rapidly permeate the entire community, assuming that taxation and wage increases prevent excess saving from prematurely drying up the circulation of money. Add a little study of production costs and wage systems to test the effectiveness of Dr. Moulton's own suggestion that wage increases be paid as a quarterly or annual bonus from the fund now used exclusively for profits, thus leaving competitive costs undisturbed.

3. Instead of trying to start mass production and low prices before balancing income by tax and wage reforms, study the possibility that a balanced income will set up a consumers' demand that will make mass production possible and automatic. And check over the probability that a mass-production boom with excessive profits and over-saving will, unless maldistribution of income is first corrected, head us into a worse depression than this.

It strikes me that after a long and careful statistical analysis of our economic disease Dr. Moulton gave his remedies only a few thoughtful guesses. With a real study of his remedies he looks pretty close to a compensating adjustment that may restore much of what Salter called "the miraculous self-adjusting quality of our economic system."

HAROLD M. DAVIS

Nashua, N. H., August 10

PAGING FATHER COUGHLIN

Dear Sirs: The Nation is to be congratulated in that Anita Brenner's article on Spain cuts through all the hypocrisy which characterizes the news dispatches to our papers, where everything is done to put the Vatican and the Catholic church in the position of innocent sufferers instead of cold-blooded aggressors who would restore all the old tyranny of church over state and set up an oligarchy reducing the Spanish workers and peasants to the level of peons.

Why does not *The Nation* ask Father Coughlin, who has escaped all discipline from Rome because he is supposed to stand for the papal labor encyclicals, why he urges the encyclicals as the rule of

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action for the United States when it is plain that no Catholic country in Europe bothers its head about them? . . .

JOHN R. MCPHERSON

Philadelphia, August 13

SOUTHERN REBELLION

Dear Sirs: In your issue of July 25 Louis Adamic proposed for your 1936 Honor Roll the writer of an editorial on the Negro's rights as a citizen which appeared in the Richmond *Times Dispatch.* The writer was Virginius Dabney.

Mr. Dabney is civilized, liberal, and courageous. He deserves to be on any number of honor rolls. But I doubt whether that particular editorial required the tremendous courage Mr. Adamic thinks it did. Actually, believe it or not, Mr. Dabney is not the only Virginian who is anxious to have the Negro "improve his business, educational, economic, and political status"; and there must be thousands of us who were disgusted by Senator Smith's preposterous behavior at the Democratic National Convention. I certainly have heard no one approve it. No, there was not the slightest danger of Mr. Dabney's being lynched or even ostracized after writing that editorial. . . .

Why don't you and Mr. Adamic spend a vacation in Virginia sometime, so that you needn't continue to think of Mr. Dabney as a voice crying in the wilderness?

L. F. C.

Richmond, Va., August 4

LOOKING TO 1940

Dear Sirs: The question of a 1940 third party has perplexed me. Louis Adamic wrote two articles on the La Follettes and mentioned the possibilities of the Progressives. John Strachey and Carmen Haider say Phil is a potential fascist. . . .

I do not believe in violence. I think Phil La Follette would be a good third-party President. Do you? The way the Communists fling "fascism" around, one doesn't know what the word means. I define it as government by violence. Therefore I think Strachey and Haider are mistaken. What do you think?

UNEMPLOYED YOUTH

Santa Barbara, Cal., August 20

HOW TO ABOLISH CRIME

Dear Sirs: Letters published in *The Nation* concerning crime and parole have suggested to me a solution for the crime problem, so simple and scientific that the mind of a high official or police officer should be able to comprehend it. It is to apprehend the criminal and place him in confinement a few days before he commits the crime instead of some time afterward. This plan would not only prevent most crimes, but it would greatly lessen the expense attached to this branch of justice. The prospective criminal could be more easily caught before the act, as he pursued his unsuspecting path of peace, than after, when he would be on his guard. And court costs would be eliminated.

C.W.H.

P. S. Since getting this inspiration I learn that the plan is meeting with great success in Germany and Italy.

C.W.H.

Newberry, Cal., August 8

BIRTH CONTROL BY PREVENTION

Dear Sirs: . . . The very prevalence of the practice of abortion indicates the determination of the modern wife and mother to regulate child-bearing in accordance with the demands of her health and economic circumstances. It seems grossly unfair that her personal physician should so often refuse the responsibility of teaching her how to avoid conception until it is desired. "Practicing Physician" has dismissed the subject of effective contraception with a nonchalance quite characteristic of his profession. . . .

HAZEL C. BENJAMIN

Scotia, N. Y., August 10

THERE OUGHT TO BE A PRIZE

Dear Sirs: If there were a Pulitzer prize for the best magazine coverage of world and national events, *The Nation* would win hands down. The brilliant articles on France, Spain, and the American scene carried in recent issues of *The Nation* establish a new high in American journalism. You are rendering an invaluable service to the progress of American political thought.

Heartiest wishes for continued success.

B. J. WIDICK

Akron, Ohio, August 14

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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RUFUS P. FORD is not Rufus P. Ford but a well-known newspaperman, habitat, Kansas City, who prefers to remain pseudonymous.

ALVIN JOHNSON is that modern miracle, an expert but not a specialist. Besides being a Horatian scholar, an agricultural authority, and a linguist, he has published this year his first novel, "Spring Storm," was associate editor of the "Encyclopedia of Social Sciences," is director of the New School of Social Research and president of the American Economic Association.

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LOUIS KRONENBERGER is a critic who has written regularly for *The Nation* during the last year, has appeared periodically in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* book sections, the *Saturday Review of Literature,* and the *New Yorker,* and has recently broken out in *Vogue.*

LEWIS COREY contributed to *The Nation* last August a series of articles on "The Crisis of the Middle Class" which was later incorporated in a book of the same title.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS, author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life," has appeared frequently as literary critic in *The Nation* and other periodicals.

B. H. HAGGIN, who has been writing the Records column in *The Nation* during the summer, has introduced a new musical criticism that is intelligible to the lay reader as well as to that sacred circle which knows an *allegro ma non troppo* from an *allegro non tanto.*

FRANZ HOLLERING was editor of the *Berliner Zeitung* until forced to take refuge in America. He contributed to *The Nation* a dramatic account of his experiences at the time of the Reichstag fire under the title, I Was an Editor in Germany.

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